TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

THE time is approaching when a revision of the Banking Act will be in order. Whether this revision will really take upon itself form and action whereby an advanced and more complete protection will be given to depositors and stockholders remains to be seen. Here in Canada we are accustomed to pride ourselves on our banking system, and it is unquestionably superior in many ways to that of the United States. This the United States banker is very free to acknowledge. At the same time we apparently have a good many flaws, else how came the bank disasters of the past few years?

Looking back upon the bank wrecks which strew the way we have not after all a great deal to congratulate ourselves upon. Since 1879 at least thirteen banks have here in Canada fallen by the wayside. Six of these have paid their depositors in full, while in the others depositors have suffered a loss of from 25 to 85 per cent. This is not taking into account the Sovereign Bank now in liquidation, nor the Banque St. Jean, nor the St. Hyacinthe bank. In the case of the latter institution the losses to depositors will probably not be large, but in the Banque St. Jean everything was taken by the former management save the furniture, and the president and general manager, Philip Roy, ex-speaker of the Quebec Legislature, will, if he lives, be held responsible before the courts.

What bank managers bent on crooked dealings are able to accomplish under the present system, we have some beautiful examples, all within the memory of the present generation. For instance there was Banque Ville Marie. Of this wreck the depositors eventually received 15 cents on every dollar they had in the institution. Most of their money, poor devils, went to redeem the circulation, for the management had not only squandered the depositors' money right and left, but had issued bank notes largely in excess of what the banking laws allow, and as this stands as a preferred claim, it took precedence over the depositors. Some of the management went to jail for short terms, among them Weir, the president, but this was small satisfaction indeed for those who had lost their all.

Coming closer I might mention the Ontario Bank which was looted to play the stock market. But a passing reference is sufficient for the details are still fresh in the minds of the average reader. Then we have the celebrated Sovereign Bank "blow-up." Here it is said the depositors will lose nothing, but the stockholders, as in all these smashes, suffer heavily. An independent audit, supervision by a disinterested corps of experts, would unquestionably have prevented, to some extent these smashes. For instance, such a system would have been effective in the case of the Ville Marie Bank and also in the case of the Banque St. Jean, for in both these instances practically every available cent was stolen; and one had but to open the vault doors to discover the loss. In the case of the Ontario Bank independent supervision, I will say Government inspectors, would have checked Charles McGill, who was an inveterate stock gambler, in the early stages of his career. But what could the inspector do when he came in from the outside branches and was told that he (McGill) would be responsible for the condition of affairs at the head office? How could the inspector, an employee of the bank, act effectively under the circumstances?

In the case of the Sovereign Bank it is doubtful if an independent inspection would have caught them in time. The directors themselves were fooled up to the eyes, and it was only when the bank was in a position to lapse into financial unconsciousness, that these directors realized its position. They made one desperate and expensive effort to save the institution, but Duncan M. Stewart had got them in too deep.

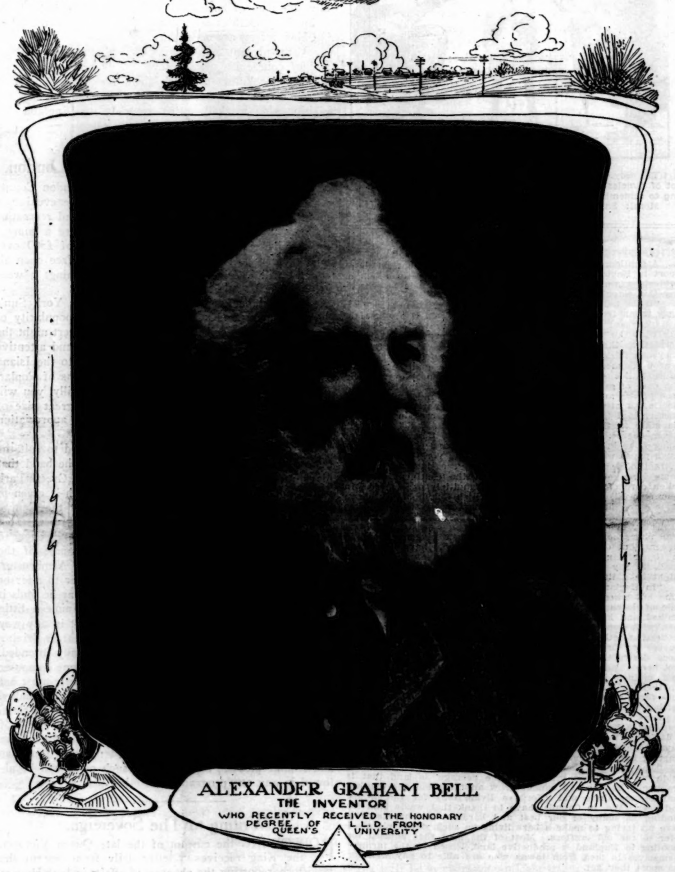
In the United States the inspection of national banks by duly appointed Government inspectors has caught many institutions at the crucial moment, and has saved the public many millions of dollars, but there the inspector's work is greatly simplified by the fact that there are no branch banks, while in this country they thrive and accumulate like the proverbial green bay tree. Imagine the corps of inspectors necessary to check up even one of Canada's great banks at a given period. The branches of some of these institutions run into the hundreds, and to make the work absolutely effective they would all have to be inspected at practically one and the same time; else by possible connivance at head offices the inspectors could be fooled up to the eyes. However, banking experts may be able to work out a system that would be effective, and advocacy of the plan of Government inspection already has the support of at least two well-known Canadian bank managers.

The banks of Canada owe the Canadian public much, the average banker to the contrary notwithstanding. The people have given them charters of an extremely liberal character and the Banking Act under which they do business allows far more scope, freedom, and incidentally, opportunities for money making, than any other banking system under the sun. That the average Canadian bank is making vast profits everybody who has open eyes must see. We have but to pass through the streets of a Canadian city to find where a great deal of their surplus earnings are going, earnings that are not shown, nor even hinted at in many cases, on annual statements. They own as bank premises the finest sites in the Canadian cities, not one in each centre, nor two, but many, and on these sites they have erected buildings which would, in many instances, do credit to ancient Greece. And they have done it all out of surplus profits, the details of which are closed books to the public, and even the stockholders received no hint of the cost.

The Canadian banking business is to-day probably the most profitable enterprise that the country possesses, and the Canadian Bankers' Association is as a body one of the most powerful institutions in the world.

It seems to me then that in giving all these enormous advantages it is the people's due that they receive in return not only every facility which banks can afford, but that the bankers also look to it that a repetition of past failures be made impossible, or as near impossible as human ingenuity can devise.

BUDGETS and budget speeches are ordinarily voted pretty dull reading. However, the present fiscal policy of England, as voiced by David Lloyd-George, is worthy of more than passing attention for it strikes a new chord; it opens up a new epoch. I take it that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in making his pronouncements in the Commons a few days ago, burned his bridges behind him, and that it means one of two things, either England is on the high road to an ultra-socialistic form of government, such as the world has not seen, or else the present administration is riding for a fall. It is somewhat difficult over here to fully appreciate how radical the declarations of Lloyd-George are. The doctrine of state aid, which only a short time ago was considered outside the realm of practical politics, is pushed to the limit; the principle of



making the rich pay handsomely for such luxuries as Dreadnoughts, while the poor man for the most part escapes, has been brought up to a working scientific basis. If there is a rich man in England now capable of hiding away from the tax collector then Mr. Asquith and Lloyd-George have inadvertently overlooked him.

With an evident eye to disintegrating England's great estates, taxing them out of existence as it were, the present budget deals sledgehammer blows. When a millionaire dies the state will now receive 27 per cent. of his estate, which means that when an estate changes to go through court twice in twelve months, as sometimes happens, upward of fifty per cent. of the total value will go into the public purse. For the luxury of a big automobile the rich Englishman will now pay $200 per year, while a land tax of 20 per cent. on all increase in land values has been instituted. There is to be a tax on undeveloped mining property, an increase tax on stock exchange transactions, and increases on a host of other things the wealthy man is interested in. On the other hand there is to be a state insurance against loss of employment, and the state will aid in the development of the natural resources of the land, not to speak of the old age pension already in force.

Of course there is dismay among the rich men, who argue that under the present policy even the great works of art will go under the hammer, for they can no longer afford to own them. On this score, however, not many of us will feel over sorry, for now perhaps the great art of the centuries will find its way out of private collections, shut off from the public as most of them are, into the public galleries of the old world and the new.

At this time the rich men of England are very naturally crying out for a change, for a system of "protection" whereby the poor man will pay more than his shot and the rich escape most of his, just as they do now in Canada and the United States. It makes a vast difference as to whose ox is being gored.

The situation is one of unusual interest, for what the House of Lords will do with the present budget is as yet unknown. They are, of course, largely interested personally, and rebuff from them would in all probability mean an immediate appeal to the country. In that event the issue would be directly before the people. Would the Lords dare risk it?

Would the country stand by the Commons, and would the House of Lords be shorn of the powers they hold?

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THE Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International Alliance began on May first in New York city an agitation for the abolition of the tipping system, and a demand for better wages. A minimum wage scale of $2.50 per day is asked, and on and after May first no tips are to be accepted by members of the east side branches of the Alliance. More power to the Alliance, for in such a campaign we are all interested. Some day some man who knows his business will inaugurate a great hotel system where tipping will under no circumstances be allowed, and someone else will evolve a sleeping car company in which the passenger will not be gouged out of the extra quarter dollar for his night's accommodation. Of all the low, mean devices that man has fallen heir to in this generation the tipping system is the worst; and the painful part of this whole obnoxious method of petty larceny is that none of us are big enough to withstand the haughty glances of the waiter or the blandishments of the negro porter. We make all sorts of resolutions. We will throw off this tyranny, but when the crucial moment arrives we dig down. I do and you do, and so do our neighbors. We all give up the shining silver pieces, which most of us can ill afford, and just because we have not backbone enough to stand up for our rights.

As a matter of fact, the world is trading on our vanity. When the Pullman Car Company pays its porters $20 per month as they do, and when the swell hotel hires its waiters at about the same figures, the soft, easy going public is taken into the calculation. The wages are a bagatelle. In fact, they are scarcely taken into consideration at all. The chances are two to one that the negro porter who brushes you off after a night in the sleeper and the sleek, observant, black coated waiter who stands behind your chair the next morning at the hotel and whom you tip to the extent of at least ten per cent. of your bill, have larger incomes than the man who is being constantly bled. Many an opulent hotel or restaurant proprietor with diamonds and an automobile was but a few years ago a waiter in some one else's hotel or restaurant. We, collectively speaking, put him in business. We did it unwillingly and grudgingly, but we did it just the same. In great metropolitan centres, where popular restaurants abound and fools assemble, the position of waiter is one of the financial plums of the community, and large sums are paid for the privilege of waiting upon those who are prepared to pay for more than they receive.

This tipping system, however, is not confined to Pullman cars, hotels and restaurants, for there is the barber to be "fixed," the elevator man, and if you chance to reside in an apartment house, the janitor. Even the club man does not escape, though his tips are paid once a year in the guise of a Christmas or New Year's box. So universal has become the tipping system that it must now be reckoned as much a part of man's annual outlay as are the hat he wears on his head and the shoes he wears on his feet. However, at its worst in the western world, we are probably fortunate as compared with the tipping curse of Europe, where you pay everyone from the usher who shows you to the seat in the theatre to the servants at the house of the friend whose guest you are.

If women had their way the whole tipping system would fall by the wayside. It would shrivel up like a spent toy balloon. First of all the average woman knows the value of a dollar. She knows that it contains a hundred cents, and proposes to get her money's worth; probably for the reason that she sees less of them than do the men.

I am fondly looking for the time when some man will be found big enough and brave enough to inaugurate a non-tipping league. For one I want to be a charter member.

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THE summary decapitation of 41 Toronto saloon-keepers the other day will at least have a tendency to make the remaining 110 rest easier, and at the same time allow the license commissioners an opportunity to draw long breaths. The Commissioners appear to have arrived at the end of their mission with a good deal of credit to themselves, for so far no overabundance of criticism has been showered upon them. Naturally the saloon men forced out of business are far from pleased, but neither would you be, nor would I, had some one come along and swept away our means of livelihood without compensation. The saloon is recognized by law. The courts recognize it as a law abiding method of making a living and perhaps a fortune. This is perhaps questionable ethics, but it's law. By what method of reasoning then, can the saloon be summarily closed up without offering a fair compensation to the owner? A number of the places ordered closed should as a matter of fact never have been allowed to exist, but this does not alter the fact that in a country in which we boast of our freedom and the justice of our courts, we as citizens are allowed to wreck a man's business without the remotest idea of compensating him for the damage done. To me it looks like confiscation. They do things better over in England, for there when a license is taken away, and they are now closing them out in large numbers, the state pays a fair indemnity. It is not a question of saloons or no saloons, but a matter of justice and equity. Where actual damage has been suffered the city should be prepared to pay the bill.

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THE Rev. Dr. George C. Workman has through his attorneys, entered suit against the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal for $5,000 damages. Dr. Workman alleges that in 1908 he was without sufficient reason dismissed from his position as professor of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis. The issue is now plain. The Wesleyan Theological College must defend its position or pay up. Dr. Workman's contention is that he taught Methodism according to the principles laid down by John Wesley. Those at the head of the College on the other hand state that Dr. Workman's doctrine was down at the heel and could not be made to fit in with what had been taught previous to the Doctor appearing upon the scene. Between the Kinrade case in Hamilton and the Workman case in Montreal, the Canadian newspapers are bound to have a lively spring.

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ARGUMENTS continue between the City Council and the Toronto Street Railway, but nothing is being accomplished in the interval. The literary efforts of various members of the Council and R. J. Fleming, appearing at regular intervals in the local dailies, lead no where that one can discover. Fleming says that the City Council blocks him at every turn, while the Aldermen are still charging Mr. Fleming with the desire to control this immediate section of the hemisphere. While this is going on the citizens want more cars, more routes and a whole lot of other things which they have no immediate prospect of realizing.

Fleming says we have the best street car system in America, and that the cars are excellent. Both statements will have to be taken at a discount. The service is not the best in America by a long shot, while the cars are some years behind the times. The tracks are in some sections badly worn while the trailer system is an abomination. These are the facts as we all see them at least twice every day.

But whose fault is it and where is the remedy? Toronto must realize sooner or later, and the sooner the better, for it takes many weary months to make extensive improvements on a large street railway system, that the management of the Toronto Street Railway Company is going to do mighty little until they can see something permanent ahead of them. R. J. Fleming must know as well as do the readers of the Front Page that more cars are required. But more cars mean more tracks and more car barns, and many other expensive details—in other words the expenditure of many hundreds of thousands of dollars.

If under existing arrangements Mr. Fleming went before his board of directors and asked for funds sufficient to meet the present requirements, he would unquestionably be turned down, and quite properly so, from the standpoint of business men. Under existing conditions we will get little or nothing, and what is more we don't deserve to.

It should be up to the chief executive of the city of Toronto to find out what is going to be done ten years hence. Does the city intend to take over the street railway and operate it as a public utility, or is the franchise to be extended? Now is the time to ascertain these facts, not ten years hence. Let us find out where we stand and then start in at the beginning and work up. Surely some working arrangement can be arrived at; some plan whereby it will be possible to work out a scheme of advancement of mutual interest to the citizens and to the company now holding the franchise. If two private corporations were placed in the relative positions of the city of Toronto and the Toronto Street Railway some understanding would promptly be arrived at. Why then cannot the city and the railway get together?

What the citizens most desire is a better service. The

details of how it may be accomplished are of no particular interest to them. All that the average man wants is a fair, square deal. He doesn't care whether the city operates the street cars or whether it is in the hands of a corporation, so long as he gets the service he requires at reasonable figures. What is wanted is additional mileage, new routes, new cars, and more of them, and newspaper interviews will not get them for us.

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IN view of the coming "Canadian Navy" which it is proposed to create instead of aiding Great Britain's naval programme by a direct contribution for Dreadnoughts, it is interesting to receive an inside opinion by a British naval expert, who, for obvious reasons, does not wish his name made public at this time. This naval expert makes the following plain, straightforward statement:

"In these Imperial days and in face of the splendid spirit shown in Canadian speeches, and in the Canadian press it seems a brutal thing to say, but the plain truth is that the only kind of support that Canada is willing to give is no good to us; and what would help she cannot or will not provide.

"Your late Minister of Marine when he was here some years ago, just before he died so tragically, put out a proposal for a Canadian navy and they say that Mr. Brodeur is coming here next month with a similar proposal. You are thinking of a cruiser or two, some torpedo boats and submarines, and so on. But what for? Not to fight the Empire's sea battles, for they will never be fought in our time in waters that these Canadian craft plough.

"You say your 'navy' when created would protect Canadian shores from possible raid by a hostile force. Raids by whom? If the United States is to be the foe—and that is so near the unthinkable that it might almost be dismissed—I pity your poor little defence force when pitted against the kind of raid that the United States navy could put up. Australia and New Zealand, and perhaps you also, are thinking of raids from Japan. But Japan is England's ally for a good many years to come and no raids can come from that quarter. What other thinkable countries have cruisers to do the raiding? They simply do not exist except in your imagination.

"The plain truth is that in the supreme and critical time before it in the fight with Germany for sea support the British navy needs not men, or graving docks, or coaling stations, or local squadrons dotted about the world. What it wants and must have is ships. Big Fighting Ships, such as British yards alone can build and such seemingly as British taxpayers are alone prepared to pay for. The British taxpayer has for many years had to bear alone the burden of keeping the Empire from the maw of the jealous foreigner, and giving its trade (your trade in Canada and ours here), the security on the high seas, without which it would wither away. He is, thank God, willing and able to go on bearing that burden and, though a Little Englander may squeal here and there, it is not from the typical Englishman's lips that you will hear a murmur if you in Canada and the others in Australasia and South Africa feel that you have more important local uses for your money. This is a free Empire and we must each do what we think best."

It is hardly necessary to comment upon this straightforward statement, for most of us know the facts too well already. Deep down we know that a Canadian navy, if built, would be more or less of a botch, and an extravagant botch at that. Look at past records! What kind of a navy would come out from under the heavy hand of the Canadian Minister of Marine? And now there is talk of sending Sir Frederick Borden to London along with Hon. Mr. Brodeur to confer with the British Minister as to this Canadian navy.

What a beautiful line of hot air these two gentlemen will give the British nation! Then they will come back to our shores, and we will begin the hot air process where they left off, and it will end as it began in Ottawa some weeks ago—in hot air.

In the interval the Briton will dig down deep and pay for his own Dreadnoughts, and he will man them with his own sailors, and we will stand and look on.

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NEWFOUNDLANDERS take their politics seriously. Here in Canada we may hoot a candidate occasionally, but ordinarily he is given a hearing. But not so in Newfoundland. The other day Sir Robert Bond, who is just now occupying his time fighting Sir Edward Morris' party for political supremacy, attempted to address a meeting at Western Bay. The residents about that locality, however, are apparently not overfriendly to Sir Robert for they forthwith ducked him in the cold waters of the Atlantic. In other words they pushed him overboard from a boat while he was attempting to land. The despatches state that Sir Robert climbed into a row boat and thus regained his steamer. Newfoundland is evidently an excellent locality for politicians of the Jack Johnson type to disport themselves.

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MOST of us are familiar with the railway work of D. D. Mann. Many of us have followed his career from section boss to railway king without ever dreaming that in his genius for building us steel highways he was smothering a capacity for putting his ideas, his hopes and ambitions on paper. Some two weeks ago The Saturday Evening Post published an article of some length with Mr. Mann's name attached, and now The National Review, London, is appearing with another article by the s ne author, the proof sheets of which are before me. This time Mr. Mann has taken for his subject, "The Case for a Canadian Navy." In introducing himself to the British reader, Mr. Mann tells how the American farmer recently arrived from across the "line" is becoming a good Canadian. Not necessarily English but Canadian. Taking the oath of allegiance to the descendant of George the Third would, Mr. Mann says, make the average incoming American farmer stop and think, but he gives his allegiance to Canada without stint. In Western Canada this new arrival finds himself in an atmosphere much more agreeable than he expected. He finds law and order. He finds schools, churches and an occasional saloon. In time his children marry; a blending of the races and behold, the true British subject has taken his place in the world. Dealing with the naval question, Mr. Mann warmly advocates the establishment of a Canadian navy and a system of training stations on both the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. The question of control—of relation to the Imperial navy—Mr. Mann touches upon but lightly. He thinks that this will work out without hard and fast rules.

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NOW that the Coroner's jury has rendered its verdict let us hope that the trial by newspapers of Miss Florence Kinrade is at an end. It is not likely that outside the United States, where publications are by common consent, given license rather than liberty, would such a case have been handled as it was by certain Toronto dailies. Not content with reporting the happenings of the Coroner's court, and giving the evidence of the witnesses, they must from time to time draw inferences, which in the light of the evidence at hand, and the fact that it was an investigation before a Coroner's jury and not a murder trial, are nothing less than criminal. On Wednesday morning one Toronto daily figured upon its front page a blackboardered "scare," which in view of the verdict of the jury, spells libel from the opening quotation to the last word. From time to time irrelevant facts which had the smell of over-ripe onions were rolled out in black type and broad columns. It was a rare opportunity for those who cared to delve into "Tenderloin" literature; for those who wanted to know something of the lurid underside of matters which did not concern them. The law prohibits frisky French novels under the heading of immoral literature, but we can buy far worse stuff at a cent a throw. THE COLONEL.

THE HAUNTED BOY.

The Boy:—"Gee! But I wisht I didn't have to have such a lot of nuncles n' aunts, it's enough to stop a kid's growth trying to remember things."
Moral: Saints cannot be made by Acts of Parliament.

Shooting in England.

A gentleman sends a letter dealing with a recent article on sport in England—pheasant and grouse shooting—in which he protests against Toronto Saturday Night's attitude in criticising this slaughter. He says, in part:

"It is true, pheasants are bred in great numbers from eggs taken from the nests of wild birds. This is because the hen pheasant forsakes her nest on slight provocation, but to say that the young hen birds are tame when fired at is not correct, as they are all turned out into the coverts as soon as they can forage for themselves and weeks before the shooting season commences. You might as well say a quail is tame because it lies sometimes until one's dog is almost over it. In the case of grouse the article conveys a wrong impression, as true grouse are difficult to breed from eggs, and such a practice is not attempted in Great Britain. The partridge, a much smaller bird than either of the foregoing, is bred in a domestic state in the same way as the pheasant, but to a much lesser degree. Let me point out, however, that this is now being done in many places in the States, and only in yesterday's paper we read that the State of New York has set apart a tract of land in order that the almost extinct magnificent game birds of this northern part of the continent may be taken care of and given a chance to multiply once more. In your own Niagara district, and in British Columbia, European game birds have been imported and are protected for terms of years in an attempt to have them take the place of our vanishing quail and grouse. If you would look at home and remember the butchering of the passenger pigeons (no wild pigeons, out of the millions there were once, have been seen in Upper Canada for many years) and in annihilation of quail, to say nothing of the pot hunting of wild duck, you might be a little less severe on the sportsmen at home.

"In England a man who would shoot a bird at any other time but when it is flying would be considered as out of the pale of decency, while here a large percentage of grouse are stalked and killed as they sit on the ground or in trees by men with guns who call themselves sportsmen. Further, our settlers, whether French-Canadian or English-speaking, in Quebec or Ontario, have a habit of snaring birds which is more destructive than any shooting, and while snaring may 'go' here (although the law is against it) in the Old Country that method is called poaching and is severely dealt with, whether on the estate of a large land owner or on the ten acre farm of a small holder. Your remarks about our game getting a chance for its life do not hold good in the face of the foregoing, and any Toronto or Montreal sportsman will tell you that a bag of even three or four grouse cannot be had in a day's sport within three hours by rail of either town now-a-days, thanks to the average ways of 'toeing the mark and starting fair with our game' in use here.

"The third of the country in Scotland that you say is set aside 'as a pleasure ground for the peerage' is land that is practically useless and cannot grow anything but the heather that blooms there and affords a living only for the grouse and deer. We, in Canada, have to thank that waste land for sending us many of our best and hardiest settlers, as they gave up trying to make a bare living on such sterile places—I refer to the old crofters. Most of the land that is used for shooting in England is productive land, leased by the farmers themselves to men from towns who are able to pay well for the sport they get.

"Again, it is scarcely fair for us to commiserate the 'common men in England who toil and starve, etc.,' when we ourselves, as a rule, accord these men such a poor reception on their arrival in this country (especially the labor unions) and leave our welcome for the immigrant who brings in money and knowledge with which to commence farming on his own account." "Amateur Sportsman."

Patriotic Military Service.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Dear Sir,—Allow me a little space in your generally fair paper to correct a criticism that has appeared in the Front Page.

Col. Merritt is not a professional soldier, on the other hand Col. Merritt's connection with the militia has involved a sacrifice of his private means and of his time for the love of his country, without any pay or wish, for pecuniary reward.

When the Boer war came on, Col. Merritt, at his own expense went to South Africa and served gallantly in that campaign, and he also in '85 saw service in the Northwest. Coming from U.E.L. stock, as he does, patriotism is an inborn trait of his character. During the five years Col. Merritt had command of the "Body Guard," he practically gave his entire time to the looking after the good of his regiment, at his own expense.

"Colonel" very kindly would allow the Patriots to raise men and arms to defend the country, if they would do it at their own expense. The privilege he, however, offers, the officers of the Canadian Militia have always possessed and have had to exercise.

Then again "Colonel" goes on to state that the aims of Patriotic Military Service are to place 600,000 men under arms in Canada. What is aimed at, is the doing away with any semblance of a professional army, and in its place to have every young man, citizen of Canada, who is medically fit, trained to bear arms for his country in case of need. Such training would not interfere with the industrial business of the community. In fact, universal service would assist the country's development, by improving the physique of the nation, surely a most desirable object; by teaching subservience of self to higher authority; by preventing crime, through nurturing habits of self-control and the intermixture of classes. Military training of a few months educates in self help and in the fundamental laws of cleanliness and general sanitation, which are very essential to our every day life.

"Colonel" further pooh-poohs the idea of Canada ever needing to defend her shores, and the uselessness of 600,000 men for such purpose. We heartily hope and trust we shall never hear the cannon roar on these fair lands; but as unlikely things have happened before, and may happen again. A very little spark will set off the powder-keg, in which case, it makes no difference whether it was your fault or not, if you are near the keg you have to suffer.

A nation in arms is the most formidable of all armies and tends to prevent war and increased national value by increasing the national security. Two or three cases of robbing Canada's national orchard would not have taken place, had we, as a nation, been in a position to uphold our nationhood. A nation without defence is like a city without a police force. Surely, our "Peace at any cost" Editor would not desire to live in such a thief's paradise.

"A Believer in Canada."

More Prominence for the Prince.

THE English papers are nearly all commenting on the increased public activity of the Prince of Wales, and it is said that the King is much pleased because, along with it, is coming an increase of popularity for his son. The King himself is responsible for added prominence the Prince has enjoyed for the past few months. He recently told the heir to the throne that though he himself had had to fulfil much public duty during the life of Queen Victoria yet he had been kept aloof from political and diplomatic influence, and it was not until his accession that he could show himself to the empire in his true light. He does not want this to recur with his son.

At all times the King has shown himself a most affectionate father, always desirous of having his children with him. There can be no doubt that not so long ago the Prince of Wales showed symptoms of that depression which has grievously oppressed his two elder sisters. The King saw that he needed rousing. At the same time Sir James Reid has tried to induce the King to shift some of the burdens of his position onto other shoulders. "To be Europe's international Minister is sufficient task for any man getting on for 70," were his words.

The King then sent for the Princess of Wales, in whose judgment he has great confidence, and after a long talk with her, he told the Prince of Wales that he must henceforth be more in the public eye. This is the true story of the evolution of the Prince in the past few months.

Like his father, the Prince is not a good speaker; but he can say what he wishes to say, and, if he speaks tersely, it is always to the point, while he is an exceptionally able man of business. So far as can be judged, the Prince's sympathies are not so wide as those of the King, but his interests are multifarious.

At the present time he is a practical expert on airships, and of course his naval knowledge is profound. Probably no one knows as much about hospital management as he does, and his recent speech about the Brussels exhibition won marked notice not only in England but throughout Europe.

Music for the People in Old London.

ALL through the coming summer the London County Council will have bands playing in the evening in more than fifty of the parks, open spaces and recreation grounds under its control. For this purpose a sum of £12,500 has just been voted, an increase of £500 over last summer; and by the middle of May a free open air concert will be given on two or three evenings a week in each of the selected districts.

It would be impossible (says The New York Sun's London correspondent) to exaggerate the popularity of these County Council bands. On every concert night the parks and gardens are crowded with huge and attentive audiences. It matters not whether you go to the Island Gardens set in the midst of the dreary slums of Poplar, or to the Green Park within hail of Piccadilly, you will notice the same outstanding features—the great size of the audience, its good behavior and its keen appreciation of the music.

Of course the music is carefully arranged to suit the taste of the people of the neighborhood. The band that plays in the Embankment Gardens or the Green Park would not play the same music as that which is given to the people of Poplar. But from the outset the County Council has never lost sight of the educative side of these concerts. In its contracts with the various bands engaged it is always stipulated that a draft programme of the music to be performed must be sent to Dr. Armbruster, the Council's musical adviser, who has power to alter or revise it, as seems good to him. Year by year he finds it possible to lift the character of the programme a little higher in every district and to do it without in any way decreasing the popularity of the entertainment or driving away those people for whom it was originally intended.

As a general rule no two pieces by the same composer are allowed on any programme and dance music must not be included in any programme to be played on Sunday. In certain specified places of the superior residential class, such as Battersea Park and Clapham Common, one-half of the concert programmes must be entirely free from "barn dances, cake walks, hackneyed national fantasias and similar pieces," and only one such piece will be allowed in any one programme at other places.

Writing to The Sovereign.

FOLLOWING the custom of the late Queen Victoria, the King receives a letter daily from one of the Ministers, reporting the progress of affairs in both Houses of Parliament. This session this duty is being undertaken in the Commons by Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, and in the Lords by Lord Crewe. A laughable incident happened one night in the Commons recently when, to the amusement of those seated around him, Mr. Harcourt leaned over to Mr. Mackinnon Wood to inquire in an audible voice who it was that was then speaking. It happened to be a Scottish supporter of the Government whose voice is but rarely heard in the House.

These letters have been posted nightly to Biarritz, while his Majesty has been staying there.

This, says M.A.P., recalls an incident that happened in the House of Commons some years ago. While in office, Mr. Gladstone always made a point of writing to the late Queen in person. One night he was busily engaged in this task on the Treasury Bench, when he sprang hastily to his feet to repudiate some views that were attributed to him by Mr. Chamberlain. The precious manuscript on his lap was quite forgotten, and went floating to the ground. The late Sir William Harcourt and the present Lord Morley both made a plunge to save the sheets, with the result that their heads came into violent collision, and Mr. Gladstone's indignant denials were lost in the roar of laughter that went up from all parts as the two Ministers rubbed their heads disconsolately. This was one of the rare occasions upon which "Mr. Speaker Peel" was known to smile in the House.

A Paris newspaper points out the not universally known fact that the true name of Josephine, Empress of the French and wife of the great Napoleon, was Marie Josephe Rose. The name Josephine was given to her by Napoleon himself with whom it was a freak to rename the women of his court. His sister Marianne he called Elise, Annonciade became Caroline, and Paulette he changed to Pauline. Josephine's name among her intimates was Yeyette and Barras never called her otherwise. Even the Pope was so unfamiliar with her name that when he sent his benediction the letter was addressed to "Our Sister in Jesus Christ, Victoria Bonaparte." In 1814, on the departure for Elba, The Debats referred to Josephine as "the mother of Prince Eugene," while her tomb bears the inscription "A Josephine, Eugene et Hortense 1825."

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Estimates furnished for painting and decorating in all its branches at short notice.
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Pleasant surroundings play an important part in the enjoyment of a meal. The ST. CHARLES combines these two features in a way which insures complete satisfaction.
The St. Charles Grill, 66-70 Yonge St.

THE "SAVOY"
(Yonge and Adelaide Streets)
Candies—Best quality Chocolates and Bon Bons, Marshmallows, Cream Wafers, Caramels, Salted Almonds, etc., fresh from our factory every day.
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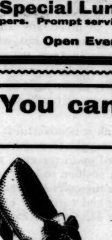
Special Lunch—Every day 12 till 2 for busy people and shoppers. Prompt service, moderate prices.
Open Evenings till 11 o'clock.

You can see at a Glance



the nobbiness and style of our Men's Oxfords, but you will have to try them on to find out their real value.
We shall be pleased to show them to you.
H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 Yonge St.
"The store that fits the feet."

Difficult Watches
No watch is too hard or too complicated for our professional watchmakers to repair successfully. If you want the best watch repairing come to us. We give value for your money.
Wanless & Co.
ESTABLISHED 1840
396 Yonge St., - Toronto

SPRING UNDERWEAR
Now is the time you will be needing a change of Underwear. That heavy weight you are wearing will make you feel uncomfortable. When you decide on that change come in and see us. We have a most complete stock of fine tropical weights in Wool, Lisle Thread and Aertex Cellular. We side here a few of our specials which are of exceptional value. Fine All-wool Tropical Weight, unshrinkable, $1.00 garment. The Alpha, a fine light weight, soft finish, guaranteed unshrinkable, exceptional value, $1.50 garment. French Lisle, in natural, blue, and pink, extra value, $1.00 garment. Aertex Cellular, in cotton and lisle thread, wears well, price from 75c. to $1.75 garment; can be had in short sleeves and knee-length drawers. Jaeger's Tropical Weight Underwear, unshrinkable, from $1.50 garment up. Negligee Shirts—all the new things are here, select patterns, large range, prices from $1.00 to $2.50. Come now, when our selection is large, for we can save you money. Extra Special—Dent's Gloves, 75c. pair, all sizes.
WREYFORD & CO., 85 KING ST. WEST

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Trustees and Executors

Correspondence invited.

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ASSETS $8,143,485

CAPITAL (authorized) $2,500,000
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"SPECIAL INVESTMENT POLICY"

Assuring the sum of $1,000 in event of death, or a cash return of $1,000 at end of 20 years.

Age	20	25	30	35	40
Premium,	$38.85	$39.50	$40.35	$41.60	$43.45

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ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager.

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GENERAL Accident FIRE and Life ASSURANCE CORPORATION LIMITED

Capital $1,000,000

CHARLES COCKSHUTT, Chairman
D. R. WILKIE, Vice-Chairman
T. H. HALL, Manager

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22 Toronto St.

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Quarterly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six Per Cent. per annum upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for three months ending the 31st of May, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st day of June next. The transfer books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.

Toronto, April 21st, 1909.

SYMINGTON'S COINBURGH COFFEE-ESSENCE

"THE PUREST ON THE MARKET. READY IN A FEW SECONDS. SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE. TRY IT. Of all Grocers & Stores.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO MONTREAL

Montreal, May 5, 1909.

SOMEONE has again started that Gigantic Cobalt Merger story going the rounds of Montreal financial circles. Possibly it is necessary to have some sort of news nugget to serve up good and hot to the hungry and sometimes disappointed consumers in the stock markets, and as this is not yet the season for sea serpents, probably a Giant Cobalt Merger is as good as anything else. In dishing the story up, the selling market values of the stocks of the three companies upon which there are designs, are given as follows:

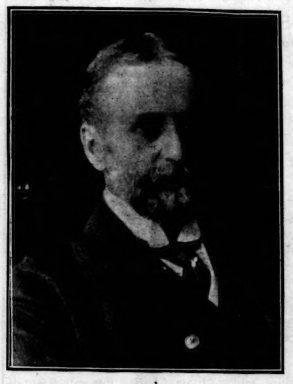
Nipissing	$12,000,000
LaRose Cons.	8,000,000
Chambers-Ferland	2,000,000
	$22,000,000

There should have been no difficulty in at least getting the figures correct, but even in this small detail the story is so widely separated from actualities as to cast doubt upon the further deductions. For instance, the actual capital of Nipissing is $6,000,000, that of La Rose being $7,500,000, and that of Chambers $2,500,000. The entire capital of Nipissing and La Rose has been issued, while but $2,311,000 of Chambers has gone out. The par value of Nipissing and La Rose shares is $5 each, that for Chambers being $1. Nipissing is now selling at, say, $10.25 per share, La Rose at, say, $7 and Chambers at, say, 80c. Hence, E. & O. E., instead of the selling market values quoted above, the following should have been offered:

Nipissing	$12,300,000
La Rose Consolidated	10,500,000
Chambers-Ferland	1,848,800
	$24,648,800

⁂

Millions Don't Count. It is true that a few millions more or less do not count for much up in Cobalt, but they are of some value down in this part of the country where margins are required in order to keep one on friendly terms with his broker and with himself, at certain times. However, so far as can be seen, the sole warrant for hinting at a merger between these three companies is the fact that there is a close association between their engineers, Mr. R. B. Watson, of the Nipissing, being also connected, in an official capacity, with La Rose and, presumably, Chambers-Ferland, and his brother having just been appointed to the latter mine. In addition to this, there is a further bond between Nipissing and La Rose, more especially in New York, in the financial associations of the two companies, this having occasionally given rise to merger rumors between them in the past. But how Chambers-Ferland happens to be butted-in on the merger is a mystery. So far as La Rose is concerned, it is the happy possessor of some of the richest ground in the world, as well as of the second largest area in the camp, and has quite sufficient to do to look after these holdings without taking on anything more, save at figures which a going concern like Chambers-Ferland could not consider. Nipissing owns the largest area in camp and has a big future also, so that merger-stories might as well be thrown into the mental waste basket as quickly as they appear.



MR. F. W. THOMPSON.

Mr. Thompson is Vice-President and General Manager of the Ogilvie Flour Mills Company, one of the greatest concerns of its kind in the British Empire.

⁂

The Next President. Brokers on the Montreal Stock Exchange are much interested in the question of who will be the next president of their institution for the blind. Mr. W. J. Turpin, is vice-president, but it would seem that there is a disposition among some of the brokers to create a little excitement, this year, by bringing on an election. The name of Gordon Strathy is mentioned as a possible competitor for the honor, and it is likely that he will be asked to allow his name to be put up at an early date. The elections take place on the 14th instant, and as both gentlemen are old and well-known members of the Exchange there should be more excitement within the classic walls, this year, than has been furnished by any event of this nature for years past.

⁂

Usually Tame Affair. For some years past, it would seem, the choosing of officers for the ensuing year has been a tame enough affair on the Stock Exchange. Last year hardly any changes were made at all and the highest honor in the gift of the Exchange has not been contested in years, Rodolphe Forget having held it by unanimous appointment for two years past. He has always been of a speculative temperament and it is said that it is partly this that brought about the separation of himself and his uncle, the Hon. L. J. Forget, who was of a more conservative type. There were doubtless other differences in opinions regarding various matters of policy, one of the most notable examples of which was the fact that, whereas Rodolphe, together with Sir Henry Pellatt, was one of the principal exponents of the contentions of the Dominion Coal Co., at the breaking out of hostilities with the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., the Hon. L. J. was on the steel side of the fence.

⁂

Retiring President. Mr. Rodolphe Forget, M.P., the retiring president of the Stock Exchange, is one of the best known men in financial circles of Montreal, and in fact of Canada. If there is any company of which he is not a director or a stockholder or in some way concerned, or upon which he has never had any designs of any kind, it is hardly worth talking about. At the present time, he is president of the R. & O. Co., Mount Royal Insurance Co., and the Labrador Electric and Pulp Company; he is vice-president of the Murray Bay Lumber and Pulp Co., second vice-president of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co., and a director of the Toronto Railway Co., the Canadian General Electric Co., the Montreal Terminal Co., the Quebec Railway Co., and goodness knows how many others. He is also vice-president of the Notre Dame Hospital and represents the county of Charlevoix in the Federal House. Recently, he retired from the directorate of the Banque Provinciale and last year, during the negotiations to bring the Crown Life and the Royal Victoria Life together under one management, he retired from the board of management of the Crown Life. In fact, he was one of the most active and aggressive exponents of the merger of the companies and sent out proxies to all the shareholders asking them to favor the project as presented by him.

⁂

Toronto, May 6, 1909.

THERE has been a first-class investment demand for securities the past week. The tendency has been towards the issues that make better returns on capital than high-class bonds. The increasing popularity of the lower grade issues is an indication that confidence is gradually returning, and that all fears of financial trouble in the near future are passed. The supply of loanable funds in Canada are unusually heavy, and owing to the difficulty experienced in placing them, our banks have added largely to their credits abroad. The foreign loans and balances of these banks at the end of March amounted to the enormous sum of $148,500,000. In addition to this there is the holding of bonds and securities available for marketing in London and New York. It is the custom of the banks to carry a large proportion of their bonds on deposit with London bankers, with the understanding that they may be drawn against at will. The total holdings of all kinds amounted to $81,350,000 and a conservative estimate of the amount instantly marketable or available as security for exchange drawings on London would be $50,000,000. Thus the command our banks have over the gold of the two big international markets at present approximates $200,000,000. In an article bearing on this subject a New York paper the other day said that should there be Canadian withdrawals of capital from Wall street in the near future, it might easily develop that the millionaire operators in the stock market will wake up and find that the lendable capital available for their purposes is somewhat less than they have been calculating upon.

⁂

Money Rates. While loans in Canada are increasing, it is significant that the loans of the associated banks of New York are rapidly approaching the high water mark, being about $150,000'000 in excess of a year ago while the surplus reserve has shrunk to about $10,000,000 compared with over $62,000,000 a year ago. It is a fact also that shipments of gold are still being made. Then the heavy balances of Canadian banks in New York must not be forgotten. These will be withdrawn at least to some extent as the business revival becomes more pronounced. Under the circumstances it is evident that the period of abnormally cheap money in New York will soon draw to a close. In Europe the indications are that money will be easy for some time to come. It is generally expected that the Bank of England rate will be lowered to 2 per cent. this week. Call money, which had stiffened some last week, has eased off to 1-2 of 1 per cent. in London, and this will naturally affect the rates in Paris and Berlin. The full supply of South African gold in London on Monday was chiefly taken for Austria.

⁂

Railway Construction. It is expected that over $85,000,000 will be expended this year by the railways in constructing lines in western Canada. The budget for construction prepared by the Canadian Pacific calls for an expenditure of $20,000,000 the Canadian Northern is to expend fully $11,000,000, the major portion of which will be in the interest of its extension to the coast, and James J. Hill has announced construction plans which will take another $15,000,000 to be expended on the Great Northern in the making of the fourth trunk line from Winnipeg to the Pacific Coast. Almost as great a sum will be expended by the Grand Trunk Pacific in its march towards the coast, and a large sum is to be used by this company in building branch lines. At least three branches will be built by this road from Melville, Saskatchewan, one northwesterly to Prince Albert, a second northeasterly to Hudson Bay, and a third to the United States boundary through Regina. The remainder of the estimated $85,000,000 will be expended by many companies which have recently been organized to build short roads.

⁂

Encouraging. The general outlook for trade is improving, with a much more optimistic feeling among merchants and manufacturers. For a year or more past the stocks of general merchandise have been decreasing. Business people felt that it was a time to practise economy, and that the best thing to do was to take a rest. That this was the proper solution of the situation is now recognized, and borne out by the return of confidence and increasing activities in nearly

(*Concluded on next page.*)

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given that A Dividend of Two and one-half per cent., for the quarter ending 31st of May, (being at the rate of Ten per cent. per annum) on the Capital Stock of the Bank, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after the first of June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 22nd to 31st May, both inclusive.

By Order of the Board,
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager.

Hamilton, 13th April, 1909.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

ESTABLISHED 1874.

When remitting money use

Bank Money Orders

Payable at par at any Chartered Bank in Canada (Youkon excepted).

TORONTO OFFICES:
37 King St. East—Broadview and Gerrard—Queen and Pape

NORTHERN CROWN BANK

Capital (authorized)	$6,000,000
Capital (paid up)	$2,200,000

Our facilities for collecting and remitting money should be employed by all business men to whom promptness is a consideration.

Toronto Office - - - - 34 King St. West

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Foreign Drafts AND Travellers' Cheques

Issued in the Money of the Country on which drawn

PAYABLE ALL OVER THE WORLD

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$1.00 OPENS AN ACCOUNT IN THE SAVINGS DEPARTMENT OF $1.00

THE METROPOLITAN BANK

No delay in withdrawal.

Capital Paid-up	$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits	$1,277,404.49

FOR SALE

$13,000 Gentleman's Residence

Situated close to Wellesley and Sherbourne streets on fine corner, having a frontage of 85 feet on one street by depth of 146 feet on the other.

House contains five rooms and scullery kitchen on ground floor, five rooms and bathroom on second floor and four rooms and bathroom on third floor. The property is in good condition and the outlook and locality are as fine as can be obtained in a central home. Arrangements to see over the property can be made with the agents.

National Trust Company, Limited

Real Estate Department
22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

SEND FOR OUR MAY BOND LIST

W. GRAHAM BROWNE & CO.

BOND DEALERS

222 St. JAMES Street - Montreal

FOR SALE.

Suburban residence near Toronto, overlooking Lake Ontario; residence of Miss Beardmore on Kingston road, ideal situation opposite Toronto Hunt Club and adjoining golf links of same; capital residence, with all modern conveniences; stabling for three horses and two cows; dog kennels and large up-to-date poultry plant; trolley car passes gate; or would rent completely furnished for season or longer. Suydam Realty Co., Limited, 59 Victoria street.

Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of—your heirs! —Lippincott's.

A cynic is a man who doesn't believe there are natural blondes.—Life.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

Capital Authorized	$10,000,000
Capital Paid-up	5,000,000
Rest	5,000,000

Drafts, Money Orders and Letters of Credit Issued

Available in any part of the world.
Special attention given to collections.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Interest allowed on deposits at all Branches of the Bank throughout the Dominion of Canada.

"The quality goes in before the name goes on."

BREDIN'S HOME-MADE BREAD

It was the increased demand for Bredin's breads that made the demand for increased plant to produce the breads.

And to keep pace with your needs for good bread the Bredin's products are made in the largest, best appointed, and most sanitary bakeshop in Canada to-day.

Bredin's home-made loaf has an immense call, and not a day passes but the delivery men add new names to the family "delivery" list.

5 cents.

Phones College 761; Parkdale 1585.

$74.10
Pacific Coast Return

From Toronto. Proportionately low from all Ontario stations.
Via Canadian Pacific direct route. See the Great West, the Rocky Mountains. Visit the

ALASKA-YUKON-PACIFIC EXPOSITION AT SEATTLE

Other Special Attractions.
Tickets good going

May 20 to Sept. 30

Return limit Oct. 31. Liberal stopovers. Wide choice of routes.
The C.P.R. gives the fastest and most satisfactory service to the coast—the only through car line and the world's scenic route.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

For full information apply to any ticket agent, or write D. L. Thompson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
$74.10
FROM TORONTO TO SEATTLE AND RETURN
ACCOUNT OF
Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition.
Good going May 20th to Sept. 30th, 1909. Return limit Oct. 31st, 1909.

LONDON DETROIT CHICAGO
8.00 a.m., 4.40 p.m. and 11 p.m. daily.
ONLY DOUBLE TRACK ROUTE.
Full information at City Office, northwest corner King and Yonge Streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

Nanton Court
Nanton Cresent, Rosedale

The most complete and best finished 4, 5 and 6-room housekeeping apartments in Toronto. Suites from $30.00 to $60.00. For particulars apply to Janitor on the premises.

Phone Nanton Court, North 1790.

all departments of commerce. As an evidence of the economy that has been practised on the part of our trades people, we may mention that the imports of merchandise into Canada for the fiscal year ended March 31st last were valued at $298,123,792. This is a decrease of $60,249,793 as compared with the previous year. But the figures for March last indicate considerable improvement. Imports that month were $33,863,362, which was an increase of $3,811,130 over the imports of the previous March. The decrease in the exports of Canada for the year ended March 31st were only $3,446,586, while the total exports were $259,922,366. The grand total of Canadian foreign trade for the past fiscal year was $559,635,951 as against $638,380,291 for 1907-08. And for those who believe in the popular American theory of the "balance of trade" it may be worth while to note that the trade balance against Canada this year was only $38,000,000, the smallest adverse balance probably recorded for the Dominion. So that things are coming our way.

***

Increasing Earnings.

The favorable traffic returns of the railways is a feature much emphasized by the shareholder as well as the business man. The way that C.P.R. earnings are growing is conclusive proof that its income for 1908-09, in spite of the comparatively disappointing year generally, will be much greater than in any year of the company's history. For ten months the gross earnings of C.P.R. were nearly $63,000,000, and it is estimated that they will reach in the neighborhood of $76,000,000 for current year ending June 30th. During the past year the gross receipts were $71,300,000, while the record year of 1906-07 showed $72,140,000. The Grand Trunk is steadily gaining. In April the gross earnings increased $207,757 as against an increase of $151,192 in March. The gross for the past ten months was $31,596,000, which was a decrease of $2,400,000 as compared with the corresponding ten months of last year. The decrease, however, for the six months ended December 31st last was about $3,000,000.

The Toronto Railway Company and the Montreal Street run along pretty closely in gross earnings. The comparison favors the local line, as it has gradually increased its revenue, and eventually caught up to the Street line in the Eastern Province. Toronto Railway for the four months of this year shows gross earnings of $1,158,426 as compared with $1,158,717 for the Montreal road. For April the local line's receipts were $297,858, whereas the Eastern road's receipts were only $290,000.

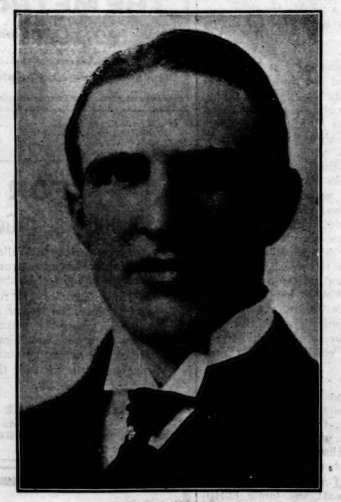
***

Our Borrowings.

It is thought that Canada is going on borrowing errands to London a little too often for her own good. A huge loan may be preferable, but it is clear that our borrowings thus far have been on a purely business basis, without resorting to new-fangled or popular schemes for raising the wind. Minister of Finance Fielding gives the details of the recent loans as follows: "Three loans were issued during the fiscal year—in June, 1908, £5,000,000 at 3¾ per cent., repayable in 1912; in October, £5,000,000 at 3½ per cent., payable 1950; in January, 1909, £6,000,000 at 3¼ per cent., issued at 99¼, payable in 1919." The last loan was "the largest colonial loan ever placed on the London market." Only 41 per cent. was taken up by the public at the time of issue, but the loan now sells at a premium of nearly 3 1-2 per cent. This last £6,000,000 issue by Canada was the one in which small investors were invited to participate; it was made a condition that subscriptions for so small a sum as £10 should be received.

Our Trade Commissioner to Japan.

THE Minister of Trade and Commerce has made an excellent selection of a successor to Mr. W. T. R. Preston, as Canadian Trade Commissioner to Japan, by appointing Mr. G. A. Harris, of Vernon, B.C., to go to Yokohama. Mr. Harris is, as will be seen from his picture, a good representative of young Canada. Born in Brantford, Ont., he is a brother of Mr. Lloyd Harris, M.P. for that city; and in that connection it is interesting



MR. G. A. HARRIS,
New Trade Commissioner to Japan.

to note that the parliamentary brother first knew of the selection of the younger brother to be an official of the Dominion from a paragraph in a newspaper.

Mr. G. A. Harris was educated at the public schools in his native city and afterwards matriculated at the Brantford Collegiate Institute, but soon after leaving school he was compelled to leave Canada for a couple of years owing to ill-health. On his return he started business at Bow Park farm, near Brantford, as a pickler. This business he sold out after a couple of years, and then devoted his attention to the cheese business, opening a branch in Detroit, Michigan, which grew so satisfactorily that he was compelled to go to that city to reside. There again he was able to dispose of his business at a profit, and then he entered the steam specialty business, which also was a success until throat trouble compelled him to go west. He located in Vernon, British Columbia, where after doing well in real estate he became the proprietor and editor of the Okanagon newspaper, which he has since conducted. He is full of enthusiasm for his new work and is certain to make a creditable representative of Canada in the land of Nippon.

A Stirring Incident in Canadian History.

THE middle-aged Canadian of to-day, if he belongs to a family Liberal in politics, will be pretty sure to remember engaging, in his boyhood days, in some such dialogue as this with his father:

"Say, dad, Bill Jones is a Tory and he says that the Grits are all rebels."

"He does, does he?"

"Yes; he says that whenever we get into an argument about politics."

"Well, my boy, the next time Bill Jones or anybody else says that, you ask him who it was that burned the Parliament buildings in Montreal and rotten-egged the Governor-General, Lord Elgin."

April 25 was the sixtieth anniversary of this incident in Canadian history—one that seems very remarkable indeed at this date. The Parliament buildings of Upper and Lower Canada were then temporarily situated at Montreal on what is now Youville Square. The Rebellion Losses Bill had been passed by the Liberal Government, headed by Baldwin and Lafontaine, to the intense indignation of the Tory loyalists, lead by Sir Allan MacNabb. On April 25, 1849, the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General, gave his assent to the bill, and the wildest scenes were enacted in consequence. A mob gathered, attacked the House as it sat in session, and burned the Parliament buildings. For several days there was a reign of terror in the city. Lord Elgin was received on the streets with jeers and volleys of stones and rotten eggs as he drove to the Government House to receive a parliamentary address. The troops, aided by a few level heads, finally secured order, but the affair was not soon forgotten as a factor in Canadian politics.

A Story of Dethroned Monarchs.

THE recent upheaval in Turkey recalls the fact that England is the only European state which has not for more than a hundred years experienced a violent revolution, and the dethroning of a monarch. This recalls Voltaire's story of how one Candide, a private citizen, sat down to supper at a hotel in Venice, during the carnival, with six other gentlemen. As the servants addressed each of the six strangers "your Majesty," he asked, for an explanation of the joke.

"I am not jesting," said the first. "I am Achmet III. I was Sultan several years. I dethroned my brother, and my nephew dethroned me. They have cut off the heads of my viziers, and I shall pass the remainder of my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the Sultan Mahmoud, sometimes permits me to travel for my health and I have come to attend the carnival at Venice."

A young man who was close to Achmet spoke next and said: "My name is Ivan. I have been Emperor of all the Russians. I was dethroned when I was in my cradle. My father and my brother have been incarcerated. I was brought up in prison. I have sometimes permission to travel, attended by my keepers, and I have come to pass the carnival at Venice."

The third said: "I am Charles Edward, King of England. My father has surrendered his rights to me. I have fought to sustain them. My vanquishers have torn out the hearts of eight hundred of my partisans. I have been put in prison. I am going to Rome to pay a visit to my father, dethroned like my grandfather and myself, and I have stopped to see the carnival at Venice."

The fourth then spoke and said: "I am King of Poland. The fortune of war has deprived me of my hereditary States. My father experienced the same reverses. I resign myself to the will of Providence, like the Sultan Achmet, the Emperor Ivan and the King Charles Edward, to whom God grant a long life, and I have come to pass the carnival at Venice."

The fifth said: "I am also King of Poland. I have lost my kingdom twice, but Providence has given me another, in which I have done more good than all the kings of Samatia put together have ever done on the banks of the Vistula. I also resign myself to the will of Providence, and I have come to pass the carnival at Venice."

There remained a sixth monarch to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not as great a sovereign as the rest, but I too have been a king. I am Theodore, who was elected King of Corsica. I was called 'Your Majesty,' and at present I am hardly called 'sir.' I have caused money to be coined, but do not now possess a penny. I have had two secretaries of state and have now scarcely a servant. I have sat upon a throne and was long in prison in London upon straw and am afraid of being treated in the same manner here, although I have come, like your Majesties, to pass the carnival at Venice."

The other five kings heard this confession with a noble compassion. Each of them gave King Theodore 20 sequins to buy some clothes and shirts. Candide presented him with a diamond worth 2,000 sequins.

"Who," said the five kings, "is this man who can afford to give a hundred times as much as any of us? Are you, sir, also a king?"

"No, your Majesties, and I have no desire to be."

A Matrimonial Market.

THE matrimonial breeze is blowing over Belgium. The maidens of Ecaussines, in the province of Hainault, have (notes the London correspondent of The New York Sun) issued their annual invitation "to all available bachelors in the world" to come and marry them.

A party will be given to such bachelors as accept the invitation on Whit-Monday, and an opportunity will be given them to make a choice among the feminine youth and beauty of the village. This yearly party at Ecaussines was organized seven years ago and has proved most successful. All the members of the original committee have long been married to bachelors who came from distant places, and their advice to their sisters is to go and do likewise.

This year the festival will begin on Whit-Monday at 10 o'clock, when maidens will meet arriving bachelors at the station and take them to the town hall to sign the golden book. In the afternoon there will be in the market place a pageant of bachelors, who will be addressed by the president of the maidens committee. Afternoon tea will be served by the girls and a concert and ball will conclude the day's festivities.

On the other hand the bachelors of a neighboring village, Ronquieres, announce a similar fete for Whit-Sunday, and all maiden ladies are invited to attend. Whitsuntide in Belgium seems to offer special opportunities to anyone in the world who wants to get married. The only necessary formality is to send in one's name to the president of either organization before May 15 and an invitation will be forthcoming.

A British officer, Major Herbert Magniac, who distinguished himself in the South African war, and who was hit seventeen times in a desperate fight at Modderfontein, died peacefully of influenza at his London home the other day.

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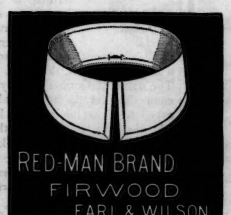

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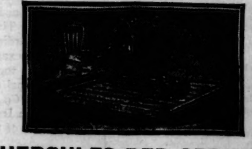

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NOTES from NEW YORK

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

New York, May 4, 1909.

EVERY May Day tradition was rudely set aside this year. Impenetrable fog and a downpour of rain made sad havoc of Spring's festal day. It would almost seem as if the weather man's gloom had become habitual. February and March were bad, but for downright gloom April outdid both. Now May—youthful, happy May—is to be saddened by that same doleful countenance.

Ten attempted suicides were recorded in New York city last week, and in each case the despondency was attributed to the weather conditions. The effect on shoppers is becoming serious. Spring merchandise is having little or no sale and unless the next few days develop different conditions, spring business will be practically lost. With June we shall no doubt be plunged into summer heat, and, of course, summer raiment. The annual May Day parade and gathering in Union Square was a sorry spectacle. A regiment of police was on hand, but no one seemed in the humor for bomb-throwing.

* * *

IT will interest Canadians to know that one of the candidates prominently mentioned for the Mayoralty of New York next fall is a Canadian. William Bruce Ellison, one time Commissioner of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity, and later Corporation Counsel, was born in St. Thomas in 1857 and admitted to the Ontario Bar in 1880. He came immediately to New York and was admitted to the Bar here in 1882. He took no active part in politics until 1892, when he was elected to the State Legislature on the Democratic ticket, in a district hitherto strongly Republican. Rugged honesty and a strict sense of public duty characterized all his conduct in the Legislature. An independent Democrat of the Cleveland type would perhaps best describe Mr. Ellison's political attitude. He broke from the Democratic organization in 1896 on the adoption in convention of the free silver platform, frankly stating his reasons in his letter of resignation.

At the beginning of Mayor McClellan's second term Mr. Ellison was asked to take the Commissionership of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity. Efficiency and fearless independence marked his performance of the duties of that important office. Examinations were conducted with a view to discovering and correcting abuses, and as a result illegal use of water, in which one large railroad corporation, breweries, steamship lines and tug boats were implicated, was stopped. One concern was even found to be selling the water it had surreptitiously taken from the city. Conditions in Brooklyn were notoriously bad, and the city was threatened annually with famine. An immediate extension of the metering system to locate "leakages," and steps to increase the supply resulted in a tremendous saving to the city, at the expense, however, of much personal popularity. After nine months in this department, Mr. Ellison was appointed Corporation Counsel. Here as in the Water Dept., there was complete re-organization and systematizing of the work.

He was also active in pressing dormant railroad suits, in testing the validity of gas and other franchises, and in pressing various claims by which the city treasury was enriched several hundred thousand dollars. He was later unexpectedly removed from office on the pretext that he lacked the "complete confidence" of the Mayor. Mr. Ellison's side of the story has never been told. He did not hit back. The press, however, at the time united in praising him as an efficient, capable, public-spirited servant and a man of sterling honor, loyalty, breadth of mind, and quite unusual legal and administrative ability.

* * *

THE Mayoralty situation as yet is in a highly nebulous state—too nebulous even to indicate definite gravitating centres. There is an undercurrent of opinion that conditions are right for a good fusion candidate to beat Tammany. But that again depends on Tammany's candidate. Mayor McClellan's long administration has been remarkable for neither its virtues nor its vices. Thanks chiefly to this negative quality, there is no crying demand for reform or reformers. What the city seems to recognize as its chief need is an honest, business-like administration of its vast interests. According to General Benjamin Tracy's report on the city's finances, by next fall the city's margin of credit on its assessed valuation should be about $160,000,000. The Lee-Travis resolution, just passed by the Legislature, exempting self-sustaining subway and dock bonds from the city's debt limit, will add another hundred and fifty million to these figures, provided the resolution is confirmed at the polls. This means that the next administration will have three hundred millions to spend—or to plunder, as the case may be. Tammany's are not the only covetous eyes cast in the direction of that huge pile. But the public has its eye on the pile too, and will see that at least a fair portion is spent in the public interest. Tammany quite realizes that success this year will depend on its ability to conceal its stripes—to placate the better elements of the Democratic party who seem now to hold the balance of power in city and state.

The old saying, "The devil was sick, the devil a monk was he," fits Tammany's case precisely. The leopard cannot change his spots nor the "tiger" his skin, we are told; but the fact that District Attorney Jerome is persistently named as Tammany's choice, shows how far it is willing to go in that direction. Not much is said about the straight Republican ticket so frequently mentioned last fall. Republicans will no doubt be content to "fuse," provided a candidate satisfactory to all concerned is found.

The field now contains at least twenty Democrats, a dozen Republicans, and half a dozen Independents, all available material.

* * *

AN interesting loan exhibition of paintings by American artists is now on view at the Engineers' fine club. The exhibit comprises thirey-nine examples, every one of which claims serious attention. One of the most interesting and beautiful is Homer Martin's "The Haunted House," which one authoritative critic describes as "one of the noblest monuments to this painter's genius." George Innes is well represented by "Sunshine and Clouds"; A. H. Wyant, by "Morning at Nevers'nk"; William Morris Hunt, by a wood interior entitled "Pine Woods"; R. A. Blakelock, by two pictures showing striking contrast in method, "Early Evening" and "The Pow-wow."

Coming to the later school of American painting, we have an example of buoyant, vigorous realism in Paul Dougherty's "Sullen Cliff and Brooding Sea." Mr. Arthur B. Davis is represented by "The Hunter of the Starlands," the piece that was singled out for the most praise in his recent remarkable exhibition. Whistler himself might have envied those charmingly transparent effects of atmosphere and sky. Other well known painters represented are A. P. Ryder, George Fuller, Charles H. Davis, Francis Murphy, Winslow-Homer, George De Forest Brush, Mrs. Coman, and Wyatt Eaton.

* * *

OUR new theatrical fare for the week is limited to one play "The Great John Ganton," which is a dramatization of Arthur Eddy's stockyard novel "Ganton and Co., by Hartley Manners. J. E. W.

Market for Pleasing Faces.

THE craze for photograph postal cards, more highly developed in Paris than elsewhere, has set every one searching for pretty girls, and so the French metropolis has suddenly awakened to its extraordinary wealth in this delightful commodity. There were two girls living at Neuilly who first tapped the gold mine, and for awhile they led the strenuous life, posing not only for postal cards, but for valentines and for the charming little advertising cards that accompany boxes of chocolate and such like dainties. The Paris correspondent of The Times-Democrat tells us of the fad and how it spread from the Neuilly girls until all Paris was ransacked for pretty faces:

Then, one day, the post card trade of Paris told them: "We have seen your pretty faces lots!"

It was a shock, coming in the same month from half a dozen publishers; but the girls finally cheered up at the suggestion:

"Find us other pretty faces, while yours rest?"

The two Neuilly houris made their contracts for so much per pose and subject, and they started in among friends and acquaintances of friends.

And thus they made a queer discovery; while of real beauties there are few in any given city block, the mass of pleasing faces, piquant, reviving, troubling, interesting, mocking, defying, challenging with questions, promises, pardons, and mysteries, how tell it?—bright faces waked to pretty audacity by the magnificent discovery that they are not plain, that some one wants to photograph them—these are rather plenty!

I repeat, they are not actresses or models.

They are Paris girls who were neglected.

At this moment they are having vast appreciation. "Who has not her post card?" runs the slang phrase. In great factories—where they make shirts, pants, or what not—half the girls have been postcarded!

They are posed not for Parisian subjects only. Every province has to have its "types," its pretty faces under local "coiffes," genre groups in local costumes.

All these are posed in Paris—where the pretty subjects are in hand already, saving all expensive hunting!

One of The Six Hundred.

LORD TREDEGAR, who has recently come in for some publicity in the English papers because of his promise of a site for a sanitorium on Penrhiwdarven Mountain, near Abercorn, is one of the most notable survivors of the Balaclava charge. As a young officer he rode with the Light Brigade, and on its return found himself, then a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers, in command, all his senior officers having been killed or wounded. Some time ago he was induced to put on record what he did and saw on that memorable day. A hundred times (says M.A.P.) he was as near death as a man can possibly be. "I appeared," he said in the narrative, "to be riding straight on to the muzzle of one of the guns, and I distinctly saw one of the gunners apply his fuse. I shut my eyes then, for I thought that settled the question so far as I was concerned.

"But the shot just missed me and struck the man on my left full in the chest. In another minute I was on the gun, and the Russian's grey horse, shot, fell across my horse, dragging it over with him and pinning me in between the gun and himself. A Russian gunner came on foot and covered me with his carbine. He was just within reach, and I struck him across his neck. At the same time a mounted gunner struck my horse with his sabre on the forehead. Spurring 'Sir Briggs,' he half jumped, half blundered, over the fallen horses, and bolted with me. I only remember finding myself alone amongst the Russians, trying to get out as best I could." In spite of all, both Lord Tredegar and his horse came out alive, Sir Briggs to die many years afterwards in the calm seclusion of Tredegar Park.

Archibald Colquhoun, in his new book, "Dan to Beersheba," voices a regret that Cecil Rhodes never saw the glorious Victoria Falls in Africa, now accessible to all by the railway line his support made possible. The great empire-builder had a favorite imagination about the spray dashing against the windows of the carriage as the train, on a slender framework of steel, crawled over the bottomless abyss in which the waters boil forever, and where the great sheet comes crashing down from the height above. It is all there—the bridge, the train, the spray and the boiling abyss—the grandest sight on God's earth. But Cecil Rhodes never saw it.

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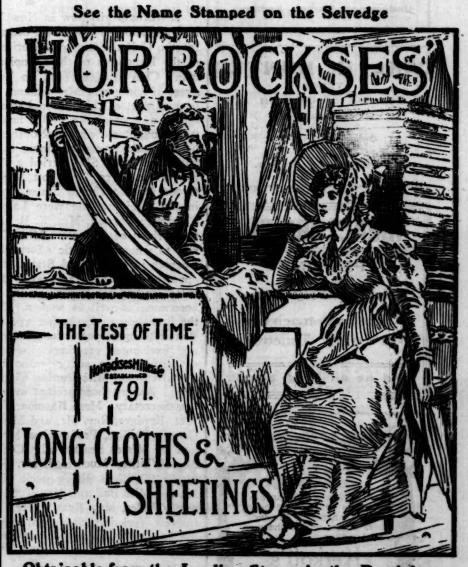

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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE marriage of Miss Gladys Emily Boultbee, daughter of Mrs. William Boultbee, and Mr. Charles Edward Morgan Hodge, will take place at half past two o'clock on Wednesday, May 26, in St. Thomas church, Huron street. The invitations are to be limited to the relatives and connections and young friends of the bride. The wedding will taken place from the residence of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Monk, Markham street, where the reception and breakfast will also be given. Mrs. Boultbee some time ago purchased a fine house in Walmer road from Mr. Le Mesurier, and is having it done up for occupancy shortly. Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier are to reside in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Lionel Clark, in Isabella street, which Mr. Le Mesurier recently purchased.

Mr. Douglas Ridout has sold his house in Lowther avenue to Mr. Seeley Brush, and Mr. and Mrs. Ridout and their children are at Iver Holm, St. George street, until they go to their summer place on Lake Simcoe in June.

It is a positive revelation to anyone not often in the north part of the city to take a car to the head of Avenue road, walk west to Poplar Plains road and see the beautiful and picturesque residences recently built or now building all down the latter charming street. Every sort of house, every architectural dream or nightmare is there concreted in brick or stone. In St. Clair avenue, Dr. Grasett's splendid new house, with its colonial pillars is conspicuous and a dozen others, prodigal of Southern windows, sun-parlors, "out-door-rooms" and every beautiful modern improvement make the erst-while forest and plain blossom like a millionaire's garden of bricks and mortar. The air is superb, and altogether, as I said, if some ignoramuses like myself would spend a fine afternoon up there, they'd realize how our city is spreading and in what attractive ways.

The annual meeting of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire was held in the banquet hall of the King Edward on Wednesday, and was full of pleasant enthusiasm and loyal utterances. The presentation which I have mentioned before was duly made, and the Regent accepted her jeweled badge and the compliments that went with it, in her own graceful and refined way, saying a few words full of deep feeling, after Mrs. Gooderham, of Deancroft, had pinned on the pretty jewel for her. The red color of the badge was done in rubies, the blue in sapphires and the white in diamonds. There were morning and afternoon sessions of the Order held.

Mrs. E. B. Osler is returning with her daughter, Mrs. Bertram Bowen, to England. I believe they have already sailed.

On Friday night of last week, Mrs. Angus Sinclair gave a "not-out" dance for a number of her youngest daughter's boy and girl friends, which was one of the brightest and jolliest affairs possible. The beautiful home with its spacious rooms was given over to the young folks, who entered into the festivity with all the *elan* of youth. Pretty girls and agile dancers enjoyed it immensely.

Mrs. Melvin-Jones entertained at dinner on Thursday of last week, a large and smart party of some thirty guests. The table was set in the banquet room, and exquisitely decorated with pink roses. The ladies of Llawhaden are very busy now with preparation for the happy event in June, a wedding interesting a large circle.

A Toronto girl now in New York writes me: "The first reception of the newly organized National Chapter for the United States of America of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire was held at the Woman's Club of New York on Tuesday, April 27. The guest of honor was Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, of Toronto, president of the National Chapter of Canada, whose speech of appreciation of the newly formed Chapter was well thought out and graciously delivered. Mrs. Nordheimer looked very charming in a gown of grey satin with lace coat. She carried a sheaf boquet of lilies of the valley. Mrs. T. Elliott Langstaff, president of the Order for the United States, welcomed the guests and in the receiving line were Lady Purdon Clarke, Mrs. Courtenay Bennett, Mrs. K. B. Lapham and Mrs. Albert Gooderham of Toronto. Miss Catherine Welland Merritt, to whose energetic efforts the establishment of the Chapter in the United States is largely due, found an opportunity to say "au revoir" to many of her friends before sailing for Europe on the following day. British-born men as well as women, gladly took advantage of the invitation to foregather and representatives of Great Britain's landed possessions from all over the world met and exchanged greetings. Some English ballads were delightfully sung and refreshments were served during the afternoon, Miss Purdon Clarke presiding at the tea-table. Among those present were Mrs. Valentine Schuyler, Secretary; Mrs. Harmon Vedder, Rev. Ralph and Mrs. Brydges, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Mrs. and Miss George Phillips, Prof. Coley, Mrs. Robert Hebden, Mrs. and the Misses Scarth, Miss Cecil Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Whitney Mockridge, Mr. Sydney Mockridge, Mrs. Harry Pike, Mrs. R. T. Steele (Hamilton), Mrs. Walter Hately, Miss Ball and Mrs. Totten (Toronto), Mrs. Valancey Fuller, Miss Ruth Fuller." As the Canadian Club in New York is such a great success it is safe to expect the I.O.D.E., Chapter to grow and flourish there in like manner.

Mr. Long-Innes, of the Ordnance Department, is leaving shortly for a three months course in England.

Mrs. Morse, of Winnipeg, returned home a few days ago.

The military church parade on Sunday took place in anything but May weather, an intermittent blizzard adorning the scene, and making the friends of the braw Kilties feel like handing them knee-caps. Rev. Crawford Brown, chaplain to the 48th Highlanders, was the preacher at Massey Hall, and the turnout was very large of all the regiments. The sermon was of anything but "peace at any price," rather a wise and inspiring handling of the text, "When a wise man armed keepeth his house, his goods are in peace," and marked by the determination and moderation which characterise all the preacher's utterances and thoughts. General Cotton received the salute in front of the big new central fire station in Adelaide street west, though the success of that impressive performance was interfered with by an inopportune false alarm of fire which called out the reels, and broke up the salute. The public turned out in thousands despite the inclement weather, for there's nothing a Toronto man or woman thinks less of than a cold in the head, caught while watching his or her particular soldier boy. The officers, men, college corps and everyone else looked in great form last Sunday.

The extra concert, given (by request) by the Toronto String Quartette, drew a very fine audience to the Conservatory Hall last Tuesday night. Frank E. Blachford, Roland Roberts, Frank Converse Smith and Dr. Nicolai certainly play the most charming and dainty music of the season at these concerts. The Rauckenecker quartette in C. Minor, which opened the programme, was a treat, and the audience was quick and emphatic in acknowledgment. But where all was so delightful it is foolish to particularize. These concerts somehow remind me of old lace, fine, rare, beautiful—to miss one is an affliction.

A few of those who enjoyed the playing of the String Quartette on Tuesday were Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander and Miss Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Scadding, Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Agnes Dunlop, Mr. Fred Mackelcan, Mr. and Mrs. Welsman, M. de Champ, the Misses Edwards, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard, and a great many smart people beside. It was a fashionable and an intelligently critical crowd, whose faces plainly expressed their thorough enjoyment of the programme.

Mr. W. Grant Morden left for Virginia on Saturday.

Miss May Worsley, of Halifax, is visiting relatives in town.

Miss McLeod has returned from the South. Mrs. H. C. McLeod is looking very well after a winter abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Lumsden have returned to Ottawa. Colonel Campbell Macdonald is going to England.

Miss Charlotte Chaplin is at 15 rue Petrarque, Paris, where Miss Tripp, a Canadian, has a couple of charming flats. Miss Chaplin writes very nicely of the "brave little Canadian" who is always glad to welcome her fellow countrywomen at her *pension*. As I have had several applications from Canadians who intend visiting Paris, I mention Miss Chaplin's recommendation. She will go on to Switzerland and spend some weeks golfing with her nieces there.

Mrs. Hall and Miss Kathleen Hall of Bernard avenue sailed from St. John the 1st of May, to spend the summer in England and on the Continent.

Mrs. T. E. Ewen, of Belleville, announces the engagement of her daughter Elsie and Mr. W. E. Preston, Phm. B., of Fort Frances.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Thomson of Orillia announce the engagement of their daughter Carrie Leona and the Rev. Williaim C .McLeod, M.A., of Port Elgin. The marriage is to take place early in June.

Mrs. H. P. Dwight gave a most enjoyable tealet on Friday of last week for Mrs. Morse, of Winnipeg, and Mrs. Don Ross, (nee Dwight), who with her little son is with her parents on a visit of some weeks. The tea was served from a table in the drawing room, where Miss Helliwell presided, assisted by Miss Madge Davidson. The guests did not exceed a score, and had a most "comfy" time, chatting with the two northland visitors, admiring Master Ross, who is a bright pretty little chap, and planning all sorts of pleasant doings for his sweet young mother. Mrs. Morse has returned to Winnipeg. Some of the guests at the tea were Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. E. F. B. Johnstone, Mrs. James, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. T. M. Harris, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mrs. Cross, Mrs Harton Walker.

Mrs. Vincent Greene has left town for a visit to friends in London and Kingston. She will probably return for the Races, and spend the rest of the summer out of town.

A reunion in the form of a tea will be given to all ex-pupils and teachers of the Ontario Ladies College of Whitby at McConkey's, on Wednesday, May 12, from four to six o'clock.

How Rosebery Saved His Dignity.

A REMARKABLE story is told by a London newspaper correspondent of the late Earl Rosebery, father of the present Earl. Sixty years ago the Earl was in Paris and in paying a call one day he was received so rudely by the butler that he complained to his friend, with the result that the butler was dismissed.

The ex-butler was also an ex-non-commissioned officer in the French army, and in that capacity he challenged Lord Rosebery to a duel. The Earl accepted the challenge and two shots were exchanged without result.

As might have been expected, the Earl speedily repented of his condescension. The horrible idea suggested itself that his late antagonist might very probably lay aside his military rank and once more become a butler. The Earl would then be exposed to the reproach of having fought with a servant.

To avoid such a calamity Lord Rosebery settled an annuity of £250 on the man for life on the condition that he did not return to domestic service. The condition was faithfully observed on both sides till the death of the ex-butler about twenty years ago.

A London exchange makes note of a smoking competition which was held in the Public Hall, Barking-road, Canning Town, the other evening, and which excited a considerable amount of interest. Twenty-five prizes were offered for those who kept their pipes alight the longest. No fewer than 126 competitors were smoking at the expiration of the first hour, and seven held out to the conclusion of the second hour. The winner of the first prize, a £5 note, was declared at 2 hours, 38 minutes, the second prize, £3, going to a competitor who was close up with a record of 2 hours, 37 minutes, and the third to one whose time was 2 hours, 35 minutes.

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BOOKS AND AUTHORS

A NOVEL that may be freely recommended to the average reader is "A King in Khaki," by Henry Kitchell Webster. It is a rattling good modern romance, and reminds one of some of Richard Harding Davis's stories—"Soldiers of Fortune," for example—only it is a good deal more robustious and rather more improbable than anything Mr. Davis has written. The hero is a young New York newspaper reporter by the name of Smith. He is the manager and resident director of the Tropical Products Company, a concern with a capital of five million dollars which has purchased a little uninhabited island near Jamaica with the intention of transforming it into an immense farm. Christopher Beaumont, a New York multi-millionaire, who owns shares in the company, plans to squeeze out the small holders by one of the manœuvres common in the realm of high finance, and he is annoyed because Smith has sent in a report which shows that the prosperity of the Horse Island enterprise is too great—so encouraging, in fact, that the small investors, if they hear of it, may refuse to pull out. Beaumont is described as follows:

"He belonged to that handful of great financiers who have waxed so big that they have all but outgrown humanity. The percentage of natural man in them is so small that for purposes of ordinary analysis it may be treated as negligible. They are no longer individuals; they are great economic forces. Their acts are hardly more to be resented or quarrelled with than the phenomena of nature. They are as impersonal, immoral, irresponsible as a West India hurricane or an aurora-borealis, and quite as inscrutable."

The upshot is that Smith is notified to make a modified report for presentation to the shareholders, and to fall in with the scheme for "reorganization," or throw up his position. He refuses to lend himself to this dishonest purpose; and, Beaumont visiting the island, in company with his charming daughter, Smith kidnaps them, with the intention of holding the magnate until the annual meeting of the company is over. This daring attempt fails, but by another plan Smith succeeds in his purpose, and proves himself to be deserving of the title of "King" of the island which he has been given by the members of his staff and the inhabitants of the West Indies thereabouts.

The story is one not only of adventure but of love, and is very absorbing from first to last. The book is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto.

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND,
Author of "The Climbing Courvatels," which was reviewed on this page last week.

* * *

A volume of verse that is not receiving the attention it deserves in Canada is "When Lincoln Died and Other Poems," by E. W. Thomson, published recently in Boston. The title of the book no doubt suggests to Mr. Thomson's fellow-countrymen that the poems it contains are American in flavor; but as a matter of fact many of them are, or ought to be, of special interest to Canadians. Only one division of the volume is devoted to "Poems of Lincoln and the Great War." The second division is composed of "Poems of the World-Wide Brotherhood," and the third is devoted to ballads and lyrics. Mr. Thomson is perhaps at his best when he writes of the British Empire, in a poem entitled "The Many-Mansioned House," three stanzas of which are here reproduced:

There looms, upon the enormous round
Where nations come and nations go,
A many-mansioned house, whose bound
Ranges so wide that none may know
Its temperate lands of corn and vine,
Its solitudes of arctic gloom,
Its wealth of forest, plain and mine,
Its jungle world of tropic bloom.
Yet so its architects devise
That still its boundary walls extend,
And still its guardian forts arise,
And still its builders see no end
Of plan, or labor, or the call
By which the Master of Their Fate
Urges to lay the advancing wall
Of Law beyond the farthest gate.

* * * * * * *

The Master Mind proclaims as free
Alike, all creeds that men may name,
All worships they devise to be
Their help in hope, or ease in shame;
In Buddha, Mahmoud, Moses, Christ,
Outspokenly may any trust,
Or he whom no belief enticed
May hold the soul a dream of dust,
Yet all alike be free to teach,
And all alike be free to shun,
Because the law of freeman's speech
Impartial guardeth every one;
If but all rites of blood be banned,
Then may each life select its God,
And every congregation stand
Past dread of persecution's rod,—
Lo now! Is thus not Jesus set
Transcendent o'er the broad domain—
The gentle Christ whose anguished sweat
Bled for a world-wide mercy's reign?

* * * * * * *

And, oh! the Master Mind may well
In pride of gentleness rejoice
That in the Mansions none may quell
The lilt of any nation's voice;
But every race may sing their joy,
May hymn their pride, their glories boast
To listeners glad without alloy—
The primal, wall-extending host,
The founding, freedom-loving race
Whose generous-visioning mind doth see
No worth in holding foremost place,
Save in an Empire of the Free.

* * *

The need of an endowed theatre is the theme of "The Playhouse and The Play," by Percy MacKaye, published by the Macmillan Company. Mr. MacKaye points out that the American stage, which ought to be an art, has been turned into a business. And he says: "An effectual business needs no subsidy; an effectual art cannot live without it."

* * *

The title of Emerson Hough's new novel—"54-40 or Fight"—is one that sets you guessing before you read the book. A good many people in this country might think the phrase referred to a western cattle-brand, but it doesn't. It is, we are assured by an American reviewer, an historical phrase. For the benefit of those who are unaware of this, a bit of explanatory dialogue, is reproduced from the novel. President Tyler and the British Ambassador are talking.

"Our backwoodsmen," says the President, have invented a phrase which runs '54-40 or fight.'"

"Or fight," exclaims the Britisher. "God bless my soul! Fight *us!*"

"Such things have been," rejoins Mr. Tyler.

"54-40" means fifty-four degrees, forty minutes, and refers to the boundary of Old Oregon, embracing all the territory known to-day as Oregon, Idaho, Washington and a portion of Wyoming. The American people demanded that the boundaries prescribed in the phrase should be respected by England.

Mr. Hough in his book freely mingles history and romance, and it is rather difficult to tell just which is which. The story, however, is a good one.

* * *

About two thousand names have been required for new town sites along the new Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, and after the list of politicians, etc., had been fairly exhausted, it was decided to commence on native authors. In due time, the story goes, Mr. Arthur Stringer received notice that a town site had been named after him. Writing to acknowledge the honor, Mr. Stringer offered to supply the incipient city of Stringer with a limited free library of his own books. In two weeks an answer came back. It was signed by one "Sid Wappler." It read:

"Don't bother about sending them books out to this here metropolis called Stringer. I guess they are good books, all right; but the Crow breed who runs the water tank engin' ain't eddjecated in English, and I'm busy track walking.

"P.S.—Us two is the metropolis."

* * *

The Royal Library in Berlin has just acquired a valuable manuscript at a cost of $20,000. It is the "Book of Hours," which formerly belonged to the Carlovingian King, Lothair. It is on vellum, contains 468 pages and was produced by the monks of Tours. The illuminations are so fresh that it seems almost incredible that they were produced centuries ago. The King about the year 852 entered the monastery of the Benedictines at Prum, and at his decease the book became the property of the monks. Many centuries afterward it was placed in the archives of the Church of St. Maximus at Treves and finally became the property of a M. Goerres, a writer on church subjects. It was recently sold by his executors and has thus gone to what will probably be its permanent home.

* * *

Much attention is being attracted to Colonel George T. Denison's book, "The Struggle for Imperial Unity." One of the most striking chapters of the volume is the twenty-sixth, which is entitled "Mission to England in 1902." In that year Col. Denison, Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. G. E. Foster, and Dr. Parkin were deputed to visit England and, by addressing public meetings, by writing to the press, and by personal canvassing, to endeavor to get the question of Preferential Tariffs, or Tariff Reform, brought into the arena of practical politics. Colonel Denison's story of his single-handed campaign in England against the bogey of Free Trade, then worshipped apparently by all, his speeches, his articles, his controversies, etc., is a record of pluck and determination against odds, that makes interesting reading, and gives some information as to the origin of the Tariff Reform movement, and Mr. Chamberlain's adoption of it, which he since advocated with such wonderful skill, energy, and enthusiasm.

* * *

Thomas Nelson Page has finished the last chapters of "John Marvel, Assistant," now appearing serially in Scribner's, and has gone to England, where he will remain some time and then take a motor on the European continent. HAL.

(*See also page* 18.)

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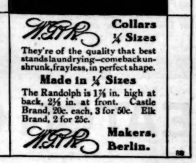

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A young lady, University graduate, who has travelled extensively in Europe and America, wishes to correspond with three or four young ladies with a view to touring the British Isles and the Continent this summer. She will make all arrangements in connection with the trip for a remuneration covering her own expenses. Apply 123, SATURDAY NIGHT.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

THE State Ball, given every year by their Excellencies at Rideau Hall, Ottawa, will take place next Friday night, invitations being out early this week. Everyone is delighted to know that His Excellency will spend the full term of six years in Canada, and that the many wise, helpful and useful enterprises associated with his regime will still have his encouragement and support.

Next Tuesday evening an amateur orchestra of twenty-five will give Haydn's Toy Symphony as one number of a nice little concert programme to be supplied by Miss Beatrice Delamere, Miss Muriel Millichamp, Miss Bruce, Miss Foster, Miss and Mr. Paul Hahn, in the parlors of Mrs. Nevitt's residence, 46 Bloor street west. The proceeds of the concert will be devoted to mission work in Matsumoto, Japan, and it is safe to promise a pleasant evening to all giving the clever musicians their support.

Madamae Bivert will give her last "causerie et déclamation musicale" this season, next Monday night, in Conservatory Lecture Hall, at 8.15, under the patronage of Lady Moss, Lady Edgar, Principal Hutton, Count and Countess Rochereau de la Sabliere, Baron de Champ, Principal Hutton, and Miss Knox. The great French poets will be the sources from which a programme rich in humor and drollery and strong in tragedy will be presented by the versatile and clever Frenchwoman. Mrs. Francis Coombs will provide the incidental music. Madame Bivert is going abroad next month, and, I hear, intends taking a party of girls with her for the summer, returning in September. Very fortunate girls, I think, to be chaperoned by so bright, well-informed and agreeable a lady.

Mrs. George Blaikie is entertaining her relatives, Mrs. John Coates and Mrs. Fred. Campbell, for a short visit in Toronto.

Mrs. Jones and her clever young son, Mr. Allan Jones, of Sherbourne and Howard streets, have gone to the West Coast for the summer.

The very sad news of the death of Captain and Mrs. Douglas Young's baby girl, Adele, pained their many friends last week, and much sympathy was sent to the parents, who had been so happy for the past four months over their fine little baby. Mrs. Young, sr., came on from Kingston at the tidings of her son's sorrow, and was with Captain and Mrs. Young, the guest of Sir Glenholme and Lady Falconbridge, who were much afflicted at the loss of the latest little member of their household.

The combination of Edith Miller and her English concert company and the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Welsman, filled Massey Hall to the doors on Monday evening. Miss Miller had been suffering from sore throat, but only those who heard her last week suspected it. In her radiant face and bright eyes there was no hint of indisposition and she was beautifully gowned in soft white satin, with chains of cut crystal and silver beads forming half sleeves and bodice trimmings. Miss Miller is slender to a girlish slimness, has a wealth of perfectly dressed rich brown hair, and eyes that fairly glow with intelligent purpose. The usual tribute of roses and carnations was sent up, and on her last recall she appeared with her arms full of flowers. The gem of her programme was the little child-song about the Dustman and Slumberland, in which the exquisite tone and modulation of Miss Miller's fine voice touched the most critical fancy. Mr. Welsman led his orchestra through various lovely bits of music and delighted the audience; weird dances, soft honey-sweet bits on muted strings, alternated in pleasant attraction. One is only sorry this is said to be the last time of hearing the orchestra this season. I noticed for the first time since the death of Mrs. Hart Massey that the curtains of the Founder's Box were drawn back. By the way, wouldn't it be a good plan to close the doors during the last number of a concert, and keep the folks in?—for the interruption of their exit is quite as boring to the persons provided with latchkeys as their entrance during the first or any other early number would be. The inconsiderate donning of huge hats, scrambling into overcoats and groping for rubbers which goes on at smart concerts during the last number, or when a persistent encore has brought out an artist once more, is so rude and unseemly that I am more and more amazed at Toronto every time. The excuse of a very late hour was not possible on Monday night, for the concert was over in good time. Perhaps the sprinters for the exits missed the clock, had no watches, and imagined it might be "all hours."

Mr. C. L. Owen, Bank of Ottawa, Mrs. Owen and Miss Fraser, who are living at the Queen's, have returned from a visit to Atlantic City.

Miss Anna Jennings, who has been so very ill at The Pines, is now happily convalescing and able to be about again.

Mr. George Burn, General Manager of the Bank of Ottawa, was up from the Capital this week on business.

Miss Jessie Moberly, who has been visiting Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, was obliged to return to Barrie on Monday, much to her own and her hostess' and friends' regret, as she is a very popular guest in Toronto. On last Saturday evening Mrs. Calderwood gave a pleasant dinner of eight covers for Miss Moberly, with a couple of tables of bridge afterwards.

Mrs. Burns, of Huron street, gave a bridge on Friday for Mrs. Smith, of Moncton, who is now the guest of Mrs. G. P. Reid in Jarvis street. On Monday night the fair guest was at Massey Hall in Box B with her host and hostess, looking very pretty, and Mr. and Mrs. H. Campbell Osborne were also Mr. Stewart Houston's guests in the same party, who dined with him and afterwards went on to the Edith Miller concert.

Mrs. William Denison is the guest of Miss Ada Read in Breadalbane street.

The afternoon reception given by Colonel Hamilton Merritt last week in the Military Institute, brought together the military set and some other well-known people to meet Mrs. Cotton, for whom the tea was arranged. Miss Cotton was unfortunately indisposed and unable to be present. The guests were received by Colonel and Miss Merritt, and presented to Mrs. Cotton, who was quietly gowned in black with a small black toque and veil. Miss Merritt wore a pretty pale blue gown. The military decorations which glorified Mrs. Galloway's tea in the Institute last season were not in evidence; instead, some fine pink and white carnations were arranged on the tea-table and about the parlors. It was quite a jolly little gathering, including General Cotton, Colonel and Mrs. Bruce, Colonel Stinson, Colonel and Mrs. Galloway, Colonel and Mrs. G. T. Denison, Colonel Clarence Denison, Mrs. Delamere and Miss Denison, Colonel and Mrs. Fleming, Colonel Graveley, Colonel and Mrs. Chadwick, Dr. and Mrs. McPherson, Mr. and Mrs. Van Nostrand, Colonel and Mrs. Grasett, Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. and Miss Campbell Macdonald, Captain and Mrs. Laybourne, Major Shanley, Dr. and Mrs. Roberts, Miss C. Boulton, Dr. Lang, Miss Harman, Miss Birdie Warren, Colonel and Mrs. Mason, Mrs. and Miss Spragge, Miss Merritt, Captain Biggs.

This year's attendance at the May meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club promises well from every standpoint. The sartorial effect may be truly forecast as "immense," and if millinery costumes do develop along its present lines, the members' lawn will look like a bed of extremely edible mushrooms, endowed with means of locomotion.

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander have returned from a visit of several weeks in the East. Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Burns have gone to Clifton Springs.

The marriage of Mr. Gibbons of Toronto and Miss Helen Cockshutt of Brantford will take place in the Presbyterian Church, Brantford, next Wednesday at three o'clock. The bride and groom are going to Constantinople and Budapest on their honeymoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Warren are home from their honeymoon, and are at Mr. Arnoldi's home in North street, which they will occupy all summer.

Miss Quinlan has taken Mr. Lesslie Wilson's house, 88 Roxborough street east, for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are at Atlantic City and will be at the Island all summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Robertson and family have moved to their Island home, Oasis, on the breakwater.

Mr. and Mrs. John Burgess have taken a flat in the Nanton.

Dr. and Mrs. McCoy, of St. Catharines, attended one of the productions of "An Englishman's Home" at the Princess, and friends were very glad to see Mrs. McCoy looking so well, after the terrible siege of illness she has gone through since Christmas, following on ptomaine poisoning. It was difficult to believe she had been at death's door when one noticed how bonnie and well she looked last week.

Mr. C. M. Temple has been transferred from the Molsons Bank at Knowlton, Quebec, to West Toronto, and Mr. and Mrs. Temple have settled in the new Toronto suburb.

The marriage of Miss Alice Louise Pentecost and Mr. Max Arno Frind, grandson of the late Thomas McCausland, M.D., of Toronto, will take place early in June.

Major Vaux spent some days, *en route* from Halifax to his new post in Winnipeg, visiting his people at the Arlington Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Rogers have the sincere sympathy of their friends in the loss of their little daughter, whose death occurred on Sunday at their home, "Uplands," in Deer Park.

Mr. Harold Speed, the well-known painter, who was commissioned to paint the portrait of His Majesty, King Edward VII., for the city of Dublin, was much struck with the beauty of Miss Edith Miller, the Canadian contralto, and asked her to favor him with some sittings, which she did. The portrait, a very striking one, was hung at the Royal Academy in London and was greatly admired and talked about. It was sent to all the leading exhibitions, and although many offers have been made to purchase the portrait, Mr. Harold Speed, who now holds a high reputation among artists, prefers to retain it, as he considers it one of his best works. By special request of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Miss Edith Miller recently sang to His Majesty King Edward VII., who was delighted with her, and in chatting to her afterwards, expressed his opinion that Canada ought to be very proud of her and appreciate the splendid voice and talent which had given him so much pleasure.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Borland, Coldwater, Ont., was the scene of a very pretty noon wedding on Monday, April 26th, when their niece, Eva Dorothy McCarthy, youngest daughter of Mrs. A. W. McCarthy, was married to Mr. Herbert H. Austen Keller, of Victoria Harbor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. J. Fowlie. The bride, who was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. E. Lorne Macdougall, of Toronto, wore an Empire gown of ivory duchess satin *en train;* her veil was held in place by a coronet of lily of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of bridal roses and lily of the valley.

The marriage of Miss Catherine Glen, daughter of the late Charles T. Glen, counsellor-at-law, of Elizabeth, N.J., and Mr. Frederick R. Maddock, of Newark, N.J., son of Mr. R. F. Maddock, of Guelph, took place at Grace Church, New York city, on Saturday, April 24th. The Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., the rector, was the officiating clergyman. Miss Mary Glen, sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Mr. Ernest J. Maddock, Toronto, was best man. The bride was given away by her cousin, Mr. R. C. Caskey, Morristown, N.J., and only members of the respective families and relatives were present. A wedding breakfast at the Imperial Hotel followed the ceremony. The bride is a wellknown writer of short stories in the leading New York magazines.

Mrs. George Heming and Miss Marion Heming have returned from Southern California and are now living in their new home, 239 Herkimer street, Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Gorrie, Euclid avenue, announce the engagement of their eldest daughter Ellen and Mr. H. R. Mimms, manager of the Merchants Bank at Okotoks, Alta., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mimms, of Pearson avenue. Their marriage will take place early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie have returned from New York.

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Written for Toronto Saturday Night.

THEY had tried all evening to get Big Dan to tell a story, but without success. During the day, as he and the Edmonton man and the American journalist had discussed the outfit required by the latter for his journey of observation in the great Canadian Northland, Dan had been ready enough, in his close-tongued way, with advice and suggestion. More than once, to give point to his opinion as to what "grub" was necessary or what "truck" was unnecessary on the visitor's proposed trip, he had briefly mentioned some incident in his long and rigorous experience as trapper, prospector, and guide that filled the American with eager expectation of the tales to be unfolded when night came and Dan's tongue should be loosened under certain conditions already planned. But now for hours the three men had sat, snug and undisturbed, pipe in mouth, bottles on the table, the fire burning cheerfully, and only two of them talked. Big Dan was neither surly nor sleepy; nor did he seem to be bored. He puffed away, drank his full share, and looked quite comfortable and contented. But he was impervious to suggestion and sat with an inscrutable half smile—listening.

Presently the other two fell into a discussion of the difference between Canadian and American methods of enforcing law and order in sparsely peopled western regions. A few days before, a member of the force had arrived at the local barracks of the Northwest Mounted Police with a desperado whom he had captured after a chase of seven hundred miles through the northern wilderness. And the Edmonton man went on with enthusiasm to explain that the prisoner, a murderer, had evaded arrest for many months, wandering far from all human trails and disappearing in the vast Peace River and Mackenzie regions; but that the search for him had never been relaxed, and never would have been relaxed, except upon proof of the refugee's death. Only one man, he added, was detailed for such duty, and in the present case the trooper who had been successful in his adventurous pursuit had twice saved his prisoner's life at the risk of his own, in bringing him back to face justice in the prescribed form.

"On your side of the line," continued the Edmonton man, warming to his subject, "to capture a criminal or two they send out a sheriff and a heavily-armed posse, and the attitude adopted is one that leads an offender to feel that it is simply a fight between himself and the men who are his pursuers. Here the law-breaker knows that he has on his trail not a party of enemies whom he may defeat or elude, but a remorseless moral force. The Mounted Policeman goes out on his quest alone. He is armed, of course, and ready and able to fight; full of resource, competent to forage for himself anywhere, mounted, afoot, or afloat in a canoe. But he has more than physical courage and resourcefulness. His chief strength is the moral confidence he feels as a representative of an irresistible power—of a law that never relents and never fails, sooner or later, to assert itself. That is why the annals of the R.N.W.M.P. are so remarkable. That is why you may read there of occasions when one or two members of that splendid force have put down Indian uprisings by riding fearlessly into armed camps and telling the turbulent chiefs with absolute conviction that unless they immediately promised to be good Indians they would be arrested then and there and taken away to jail."

"Fine!" said the American, "fine! I know the work these men do—for who doesn't? And I know the advantages of your system too. But, at the same time, don't you think there is a good deal of hair-splitting about it? Don't you think your authorities go a little too far sometimes in spending time and money without end in running down bad characters who get away into the wilds, but who are sure to be caught sooner or later if they wander back to civilization? It seems to me, too, that it's stretching a point of law and discipline pretty far when a member of the Mounted Police force risks his life to save that of a low-down, worthless rascal in order to bring him in so that he may be politely hanged in due and ancient form."

Before the Edmonton man started to say anything in reply to this, Big Dan, who had been sitting with his chair tilted back on two legs, brought it four-square to the floor, and with an awkward but impressive gesture carried his pipe from his mouth to his knee.

"Well," he said, slowly and reflectively, "you never can tell all there is about a man by jest takin' a look at him, or by knowin' only the cussed things he's done in his life-time. I know a lot about this man brought in to the barracks last Friday, and I don't know any good of him. But there's a lot o' things I don't know about him, and I wouldn't like to say but what he deserves hangin' decent like a Christian. I've seen some fine lookin' specimens turn out to be pretty yellow; and some puny-lookin' little runts that 'd fight or work the heart out of a giant. And more 'n that, I once seen a ba-a-d man, on his way to jail, do a bigger thing than I ever done in my life, and a thing that either of you gentlemen might be proud to do. 'Crooked Jim' they called him—I forgit his other name. 'Tweren't a fair name neither. Jim were quick enough to crook his finger on a trigger, or his elbow in a barroom, and he were a little too slick for any of the boys when it came to the cards. But he were square accordin' to his lights, I guess. Still he was a crazy, careless cuss—one of them wiry fellows ready to whip his weight in wildcats, and always in trouble: one of the wuthless kind, as you might say.

"One day years ago I makes the steamer at Smith's Landin', and down below I sees Jim with irons on his hands and feet too, and a sergeant not far away. He had got into a row in a bar-room, shot a man that had got nasty with him, and struck for the north. But he'd been nabbed. The sergeant was a good one, but he had had a hard time handlin' Jim, and for fear he would make trouble or jump in the river he had the shiners on him all round. There was a Hudson Bay man and his wife aboard, and they had a little gal with them—the prettiest bit of a kid you ever clapped yer eyes on. She might 've been about four or five years old, and all of the few of us on the steamer was crazy about her cute ways. Well long about the middle of a pretty warm afternoon I was havin' a little chat on the lower deck with the sergeant when the young un comes wanderin' down all by herself, and gets a glimpse of Crooked Jim sittin' near the gangway very still, lookin' out across the country. The kid goes right up to him smilin' and looks wonderin'-like at the irons on his hands and legs. And he looks back at her steady and quiet. Then she puts out her mite of a baby hand and touches the nippers on his wrists and asks him what they are, smilin' into his face. Jim didn't say nothin', but he jest smiled back. And when I glimpsed the sergeant takin' everything in I could tell that he hadn't never seen Crooked Jim smile like that afore.

"The kid turned away after a minute and started across the deck. But she hadn't taken more 'n three steps when all of a sudden the old stern-wheeler give a grind and a jerk and lurched over, stuck on a snag. The kiddie lost her balance, give a little scream, and fell out under the pole of the gangway. Next thing we knew Jim was rollin' over and over like a cat, and before she could sink he had the kid's dress in his teeth and was holdin' her up, *treadin' water with them irons on his feet!*

"The sergeant and me didn't lose no time gettin' them out, and fer the rest of that trip Jim didn't wear no more irons. Nor no more did he wear 'em when he went with the sergeant to the barracks. The kid's father wrote out a paper sayin' what Jim had done, and explainin' that the man he had shot was a thief and a bully, and that it was all in fair fight. And the sergeant put it all good and straight to his nibs at the post. And his nibs was a real man with blood in his body and a heart that was good for more 'n takin' him through tight places; so he was sort of kind-like to Jim, and give him some wise talk about bein' somethin' different when he got out, in case the man he'd shot pulled through, and he did get out. The cuss pulled through sure enough, and though I never seen Jim arterwards, they do say he come to be a law-abidin' citizen, and raised a decent family."

Some Journalistic Jingles.

FASHION NOTE.

BY wearing a sheath gown instead of a skirt
A woman not only doth court
Attention from all, but provideth withal
A visible means of support.
—Cornell Widow.

* * *

TENNYSON REVISED.

Come into the garden, Maud—
The chauffeur, he has flown.
I'll treat you to a dandy spin—
The car's at last my own.
—Philadelphia Ledger.

* * *

MUTABILITY.

Another woman now and then
Is relished by the best of men.
—Harper's Monthly.

* * *

HORTICULTURE STUDY.

Though men make fun of the fashion,
As it changes from this unto that;
They don't look so much at the basket
As they do at the peach in the hat.
—Town Topics.

* * *

ALWAYS IN THE WAY.

When you tell your best story at lunch
And feel sure they will ask you for more,
There is certain to be in the bunch
The fellow who's heard it before.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

THE LINGUIST.

She made a grand tour with Cook's tourists,
And spent a whole week in Paree,
So, of course, she speaks French like a native—
Of Kankakee.
—The Bohemian.

LEAVING CANADA FOR EUROPE.

The various Canadian steamship lines to Europe report heavy business for the coming season. Some of the sailings from Montreal and Quebec for the month of June being entirely sold out already. The "Empresses" of the Canadian Pacific Railway seem to be the prime favorites with the public, the demand for accommodation on these up-to-date ships being heavier this year than ever before. In glancing over the berthing lists in the booking office in Montreal, one is struck with the great number of passengers who are coming from distant cities to embark there for Europe. One may see the names, in addition to those from all over the Dominion, of travellers and tourists from Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Hong Kong, Yokohama, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Cincinnati, New York, Boston, etc., etc., who are coming through to Canada to take the steamers from Montreal and Quebec. The Canadian Pacific officials admit that their system of checking passengers' baggage from inland cities through to Liverpool may account to some extent for the demand for cabins on their "Empresses" and other steamers, but they hold that the first and foremost reason, the excellent cuisine and magnificent cabins, combined with that unfailing courtesy and attention that is incumbent on every clerk and official in the service to show, that makes the Canadian Pacific steamships popular.

Be that as it may, it is certain that the C.P.R. are enjoying a very enviable ocean business, and this season will prove to be a record one in that direction.

"Yes," she said, "I have seen twenty-three summers." "Say," he queried, "do you think it is too late to consult an eye specialist?"

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Advertisements—Advertising rates furnished on application. No advertisements but those of a reputable character will be inserted.

Editor's Notice:—Saturday Night is always glad to receive original stories, sketches, etc., illustrated or otherwise. All manuscripts should be type-written and the necessary return postage enclosed; otherwise the Editor cannot guarantee their return should they be rejected.

Vol. 22 TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 8, 1909, No. 30

!?· POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE ·?!

The Primate of all Canada.

RARELY indeed has a church or any organization more cause to rejoice over the selection of a worthy head as the Church of England in Canada has over the election of Dr. Matheson, Archbishop of Rupert's Land, as Primate. With nearly every man who comes, partly by ability and partly by seniority, into the leadership of a conservative religious body there is some "but" in his qualifications. "He is a good administrator, but he cannot preach." Or "he is a deep scholar, but he has not the faintest idea of business." In the case of Archbishop Matheson, however, there are no such modifications and qualifications.

He is a big man, standing about six feet in height and well filled out. He has a resonant and sympathetic voice and immense lung power. In the times when he has preached in railway stations and dining halls and school houses, and led the singing, this has been of immense advantage to him, as it is now in filling with ease the cathedrals and big churches in which he is often called upon to officiate. Everything about him gives the idea of power. He does not lack power in mind or body or heart. Big calls have been made upon all, and all have been met.

Take him as the scholar, the preacher, the administrator. As a scholar he has the rare quality of being able not only to acquire knowledge but to impart it to others. More than that he has the power to inspire men. As Headmaster of St. John's College School, and later Warden of St. John's College in Winnipeg, Dr. Matheson had under his training many of the men who are now the young leaders in Western Canada. What he was able to do in those days of small numbers and meagre equipment shows the grip that he can secure on the imagination of men.

As a preacher he has the impelling quality of genuineness. Every listener feels that he never says anything that he does not believe as positively as he believes in his own existence. The listener feels that if he does not believe in a thing he does not say it. He reads his sermons. He preaches them over a dozen times, perhaps twenty times. Yet he preaches them every time and makes every word live. The peculiarity that he possesses is that he is able to read his sermons and at the same time look over his audience, sending his words home with the glance of his eye. Dr. Matheson's penetrating, recognizing, convincing eye would be worth a great deal to any young preacher. It is an eye which for instance, says to the listener: "Yes, I know you, Tom Jones. You were one of my boys at St. John's, and this particular truth is for you." As he preaches he looks over his audience, bringing every hearer into personal touch. He preaches good sound sermons as to matter, delivers them with a magnificent voice, and makes the personal application with his glance.

Brought up on a farm, and a hard worker with hard facts all his life, Dr. Matheson is about the most practical man in Western Canada. The man who should attempt to palm off a poor building or a broken-winded horse or a bad quarter section on the Archbishop, because he happens to be a preacher, would be a most astonished individual when he came to himself. For sheer hard-headed common sense there are few men like him. His skill in making small funds do great work shows that if he had been a merchant he would have been a man among the leaders.

But aside from all these qualities, any one of which would make a man notable, Samuel Pritchard Matheson is notable—in fact, great—simply as a man. With his courage, his resourcefulness, his genuine piety, and his big sympathetic nature you cannot imagine him under any circumstances where he would not be a leader of men, and a force for righteousness in the community.

The only trouble is that the Church of England in a good part of Canada does not know what force it possesses in this big westerner. He was born in Manitoba and has lived practically all his life there, so that the east really knows very little about him, and it is to be hoped that his elevation to the Primacy will bring him eastward oftener so that both the people of his church and citizens without distinction of denomination will have an opportunity of knowing him better.

A Strange Parliamentary Innovation.

A LONDON correspondent of a New York paper comments on a suggestion for a change in the rules of the Belgian Parliament which might seriously affect any Government that happened to be in power. Every Belgian member of Parliament has an understudy who would succeed him automatically if he died or resigned. This understudy, or *doublure*, is elected at the same time as the member as a sort of vice-member.

This arrangement was introduced at the same time as proportional representation in order to avoid bye-elections, which would be strictly a violation of the proportional principle. Recently there have been many complaints of absenteeism among the Liberal Deputies during important debates and divisions, and a proposal is now being made that instead of a member being allowed to absent himself with only the precaution of pairing with a member of the opposite party he should be replaced by the vice-member during his absence.

Should this suggestion be adopted several curious questions might arise. Members of Parliament in Belgium are paid, and the understudy would presumably want the salary while he was doing the work. Then again it often happens that the vice-member holds different political opinions from the member and would vote differently on many questions. A Liberal, for instance, often has a Socialist understudy.

A severe epidemic of influenza might therefore alter the personnel of the chamber sufficiently to bring about the fall of a Government. In spite of these and other possibilities it is said that the clerical majority in the chamber is in favor of the proposal.

A City Hall Yarn.

THE political influence of Captain Crawford, of Berkeley street fire hall, who was formerly president of Ward 2, Conservative Association, is well known. Indeed the fact that he is not now a member of the Conservative executive is due to the fact that the city council has laid down the policy that its officers must not openly participate in politics.

The story is told that during the past session of the Legislature Captain Crawford was up at the Parliament Buildings looking after the interests of a friend. It happened to be a day when some civic legislation was before the private bills committee and a large number of city hall officials, elective and otherwise, were up there also. Mayor Oliver sighted Crawford and was annoyed at what he conceived to be a breach of regulations. He sent for Chief Thompson, head of the Fire Brigade, who came driving up in his buggy, and said:

"Tell that man Crawford to go back to his fire hall; he has no business here."

Chief Thompson hesitated and finally struck an inspiration.

"Why there's Ald. Church, chairman of the Fire and Light Committee," he said, "of course he's the proper man to speak to him."

The Mayor called the illustrious T. L. over to him and both he and the chief made the suggestion. Now Church is an alderman for Ward 2 and is not a man who makes enemies, so he said:

"Well, I think it's your place to tell him, Mr. Mayor. You are chief magistrate of the city."

"Oh! no!" said Mayor Oliver, "I don't think that is included in my duties."

And so Capt. Crawford pursued the even tenor of his way unmolested.

A Winnipeg Boom Story.

THEY tell a story in Winnipeg about one of the largest and wealthiest wholesale houses in the city that illustrates both the state of affairs in the Canadian West just after the collapse of the famous "boom" and also the real solidity and recuperative power of that country.

This pioneer firm had been optimistic during the boom, and when the tide receded it was left with a lot of bad accounts on its hands and little good business. It was struggling along trying to prevent the evil of the day being more than sufficient. The bank manager doubtless had his own troubles, but the firm thought he was worrying and hampering them unnecessarily in a time when every nerve was stretched to pay one hundred cents on the dollar. Ordinary hints were of no avail. The banker's enquiries and instructions and statements of what must be done became daily more unbearable. One morning the junior partner of the wholesale house walked into the bank manager's private office and laid a bunch of keys on his desk.

"What are these?" asked the manager, somewhat surprised.

"Those," said the merchant, "are the keys of our warehouse."

"Why do you bring them here?"

"Well, we have been trying for the last six months to make some money to pay off our creditors. There has been nothing in it for us but hard work and anxiety. If you think, as you seem to do, that you know more about running the business than we do, you are welcome to take the keys and start in."

The banker saw that the merchant meant what he said. He handed back the keys, and the firm had more money and less advice from that banker until the tide turned and business began to come their way again.

The Beaver as I Have Seen Him in Algonquin Park

By MARK ROBINSON, Park Ranger.

A TREE, 18 INCHES IN DIAMETER, FELLED BY BEAVERS.

MY first acquaintance with the beaver was through books containing natural history sketches, provided for me in my youth by a kind father and loving mother. From those books I found my first impressions of this wonderful animal, his home and habits; only to learn later on that they were very wide of the truth. I recall the pleasure that I experienced when some years ago an old gentleman pointed out to me the outlines of a number of old beaver dams on a stream near New Flos, Ont., also one on my father's farm. As I plowed that field for the first time from virgin soil, I crossed the old dam, many times examining each furrow carefully where the plow turned up the old beaver works. I must confess there was not the usual acre and quarter plowed that day. I do not know if my father guessed the reason, but I shall never regret the time so spent.

During the summer of 1907, having lost my health, I resolved to go to the land of the pine to endeavor to regain it. I secured a position on the staff of Rangers in Algonquin Park, and entered upon my duties December 1, 1907. Then began my first intimate acquaintance with the beaver in their natural surroundings. All the severe winter of 1907-08 I watched their wonderful works I found their dams everywhere on lakes, rivers and small streams high up on hill sides, and on top of large hills. Wherever there was water the work of the beaver was to be found. The first I saw were cutting up their winter supply of wood and feeding on the bark, sitting on the ice in the warm sunshine. So interested had I become that I had not noticed a large wolf approach within forty yards of me. He had followed my track, and, upon seeing me so close, quickly took his departure. Hearing a rustle behind me, I investigated, with the result just stated. Not being so well acquainted with the

ONE KIND OF DAM BUILT BY BEAVERS.

habits of the big grey chaps as now I also did a little sprinting on snowshoes.

As the warm spring days came we saw beaver tracks everywhere leading up the hills where they had gone in search of fresh timber with bark to suit their taste. The beaver is something of an epicure, and will not cut down any tree for food without careful selection. Those felled are cut into lengths and dragged down the paths to their beaver homes. Many beaver are killed by hunters when cutting wood. The hunter gets to the windward of the beaver and waits until they are some distance from home. Then he rushes to their path. The beaver take alarm and return down the path to their home and are killed with a club. Their cry is said to be almost human when so struck. A great many are also killed by wolves, who watch the beaver leave home and then catch them on their paths, which they refuse to leave.

When the ice had left the lakes and ponds I saw many beaver houses. I was disappointed. Where were the nice conical shaped houses I had seen in pictures? Hundreds I had seen looked more like large, crushed brush piles covered with moss and mud. But they were none the less wonderful.

Old trappers tell us there are two kinds of beaver—the house beaver and the bank or lazy beaver, an outcast from respectable beaver society because he refuses to work, simply piling up a few sticks against an old root or stump for a house. However, my companion and I discovered that there are two classes of the bank beaver, one being very industrious. They can be found in large numbers on North Muskoka River, where they dig subterranean passages from beneath the low water mark up into the high banks. In many instances small piles of sticks and brush, well covered with mud and moss, concealed the passage way as a protection from enemies and frost. On all the small streams entering North River the beaver have built houses, which causes many to ask how is it the river beaver do not do the same. The only reason I can give is that for a number of years timber drives have been taken down North River, and the logs would destroy all houses in the rush down stream. A couple of lessons have taught the beaver to dig into the bank and adapt himself to circumstances, as they do on the lakes along the Pettawawa River where for many years limbering has been going on, the water being constantly raised and lowered by means of timber dams. On the lakes between Burnt Lake and Catfish Lake can be seen beaver houses fully 40 feet in length extending from below low water mark to several feet above high water mark. Some of those houses are estimated to contain from ten to fifteen cords of peeled sticks, the bark first being taken off for food, then the timber used in construction of the house.

I asked an old experienced trapper how it was that beaver families are said to number from two to six young, yet most I had seen was three young around any dams I had watched. He replied that he had trapped hundreds of beaver both autumn and spring in the Park before it was a Park. He had studied all the native animals but had given the beaver extra study. He had found that at birth beaver families sometimes number as many as six, but only on one occasion had he seen four young survive. Almost always the number is two.

During the months of June and July the old beaver are selecting new places for dams, houses, etc. They usually leave the old house with the two-year-olds who have remained at the old home until that age, and, taking the younger flock, commence to build a new house and dam. This is usually completed by the end of August or early in September. Then commences the storing of wood for winter use. Small trees of various kinds are cut and brought to a quiet pool, the ends being forced into the mud if there is a soft bottom. If there is a solid rock bottom the brush is put in a pile and anchored in some way. The brush is not placed on top of the pile as many suppose, but the beaver is careful to always build his brush pile from the underneath side.

One evening last October I had the pleasure of watching a number of beaver storing wood for winter. I was only six feet from their store pile, the water was perfectly clear, and I prepared to watch them work. One big chap came down stream with a soft maple tree about fifteen feet long and two and a half inches thick, very brushy. As he came near the pile he halted a few seconds; then, seizing the stick with front paws and chin, he dived down under the pile all the time paddling hard with his hind paws, and working his tail back and forward. After a very short time he arose to the surface, paddled around a couple of minutes, then, with a number of helpers, returned to his stick, which was placed directly under the pile. Rising to the surface, the old chap spied me. For a moment he remained motionless then smash went his great tail on the water, and I could see him diving under a log pier, followed by a number of other beaver. Evidently their home was in the bank behind the pier. Among the timber in the pile I noticed soft and hard maple, red and black cherry, hazel, poplar, white wood, birch, ash, and cedar. The latter is said by the Indians to be used by the beaver for medicine.

I have watched the beaver feeding on lily roots and other roots of water plants which they wash with every care before eating. Other varieties of timber I have found cut by beaver are red pine, white pine, elm, hemlock, spruce, tag alder, and balm of Gilead. I am not sure if these were cut for food or building purposes. On the north side of Cranberry Lake, en route to Lyndia Lake, can be seen several hard birch, from fourteen to nineteen inches in diameter, cut down by beaver, all the limbs and brush being cut up and taken to various dams for food.

The Coroner's Authority.

IN connection with the Kinrade inquest, which has puzzled the public in the courts, it is worth while recalling that the Coroner, whose powers are historic and wider than those of a judge, has been a popular subject for criticism for a thousand years. If any one will take the trouble to turn up his Shakespeare he will find at the opening of the graveyard episode, Act V., Scene 1, of "Hamlet," when the clowns are digging the grave of Ophelia, that the first questions the right of the unfortunate girl to christian burial, and the second replies:

"I tell thee she is * * * the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it christian burial."

And finally after much chop logic between the two about Ophelia's suicide, the second clown winds up with the proverbial jibe against coroners: "Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial."

An Incident of the Church Parade.

THE ludicrous manner in which the garrison church parade was broken up by the firemen of Adelaide Street fire hall on Sunday last has been chronicled in the press, but there was yet another funny episode in connection with this annual event. Prior to the arrival of the members of the various corps at the rendezvous, a special detail of officers and men was sent to the Armories charged with the duty of seeing that the public did not break in, and of sending men to their proper places. The detail was loitering about when a band was heard to play outside. The soldier in charge immediately gave the order: "Now, men, to your places," imagining that it was the officers of the day arriving from Stanley barracks. The men hurriedly lined up and with great ceremony the doors were thrown open. Then to the surprise of everyone, if not to their disgust, the Salvation Army band marched past the armories in the usual Sunday afternoon quest for souls.

When R. J. Wanted a Strap.

A WELL-DEVELOPED sense of humor is one of R. J. Fleming's chief assets.

On a recent Sunday morning Mr. Fleming and his family drove down from their Wychwood home to attend the service at Trinity Methodist Church. When they arrived, the church was crowded, and the obliging usher could find no seats. He led Mr. Fleming and family down an aisle, almost to the front of the church, but still failed to find room for them.

At last the humorous side of the situation appealed to R. J. Leaning toward the puzzled usher, he said in a quite audible whisper:

"Say, old man, if you can't get us seats, let's hang onto a strap somewhere."

HER NEW HAT.

Mr. Brokerman:—"Who the d-doose stuck my waste paper basket up there?"

India of To-Day and Pre-Revolutionary Canada

By G. D. CONANT

THE present agitation in India for representative government bears some resemblance to the agitations in Canada that preceded the rebellion of 1837-8 and the ultimate establishment of responsible government. Undoubtedly there are many and important respects in which the situations differ, but there is sufficient similarity to permit of a parallel being drawn. The fact that there are distinct racial, religious and social differences demands due recognition, but that both to the Canadians of the early part of the last century and to the natives of India of to-day the term "British subjects" may be applied, is a fact sufficiently significant to warrant contemplation of their political situations.

The histories of the two countries present many points of similarity. Early French occupation was common to either and was superseded by English rule at a time so nearly identical as to be practically contemporaneous. With the victory of Plassey in 1757 began in fact the Empire of England in the East, and the victory on the Plains of Abraham in 1759 constitutes a striking counterpart. Just as Plassey established British dominancy on a strong and immovable footing in India, so did the battle of the Plains of Abraham determine the question of English supremacy in North America. The practical control by companies subsequent to English conquest was the common lot of both countries, the East India Company being the important factor in India and the Hudson's Bay Company assuming almost absolute control in Canada. Clive was chiefly instrumental in rescuing the former country from the inefficient and almost tyrannical domination of the trading company, but in Canada the process was less speedily carried out, and the Hudson's Bay Company did not entirely relinquish its hold upon certain portions, chiefly in the West, till after Confederation in 1867. It is undoubtedly the case that the condition of a people at any particular time is materially affected by and, in many respects is the direct result of, antecedent conditions and events; so that it is quite natural that some degree of similarity should exist regarding the situation in India at present and in Canada before she obtained her constitutional liberties.

LAJPAT RAI,
The Hindoo Journalist, who has espoused the cause of the natives.

The rumblings indicating unrest and dissatisfaction that have their source in India are evidences of discontent concerning the political conditions of the country just as was the case in Canada. There is a variance between the two, however, in that while in Canada the struggle was for responsible government—an executive responsible to the people—India's agitation is for representative government, a thing that had been granted to Canada in 1791. India is ruled, it must be confessed, somewhat arbitrarily, and adopting the maxim of "British liberty for British subjects," there is considerable justification for the present state of unrest. At present the country is under the control of a Viceroy, the Executive Council and the Legislative Council. The Executive Council comprises the Viceroy himself, six ordinary members, and the Commander-in-Chief as an extraordinary member. No native of India has ever sat in this Council, which is, of course, the supreme governing authority in India. The Legislative Council consists of the Executive Council reinforced by from ten to sixteen additional members, at least half of whom must be persons not in the civil or military service of the Crown. There is, consequently, always a preponderating official majority and, while the natives are allowed the privilege of expressing their opinions, a privilege which they unhesitatingly take advantage of, it is a fact that their views are invariably and as a matter of course voted down. Thus, whatever the natives may say or do, it is without practical effect. It can be readily seen what fertile ground this must be for discontent, and that this will be more and more the case as the natives come to be better educated and more restive in reasonably certain. The Canadians, in many respects, had no more just ground for complaint than have the Indians, yet their discontent culminated in a revolt which, though unsuccessful in the field of war, was entirely successful in the field of politics. Representation had been given to the Canadians but under the iniquitous system that prevailed, the people were quite as helpless to give expression to their ideas and purposes, even under a so-called representative government, as the natives of India are at the present time. The Family Compact in Canada and an irresponsible Executive that packed the benches and accepted or rejected at will the measures proposed by the Legislative Assembly, were quite as effective a bar against the exercise of the popular will as is any that is imposed upon the Indian. The persistency, in spite of innumerable protests, with which such a condition of affairs was allowed to continue in Canada could have but one outcome, and that was such as to leave an indelible stain upon the history of the establishment of political institutions in British colonies. It would be only natural to expect that the authorities would do everything in their power to avert armed insurrection in India, when such has so frequently been the tragic result of their refusal in the past to grant constitutional liberties.

Nor are there evidences lacking that the Britisher is, in some measure, alive to the situation. Lord Morley, the Secretary for India, is projecting conciliatory schemes of reform which seem to give promise of an honest and earnest intention to appease the wrath of the natives and establish them in the rights they are striving to obtain. He has announced that when the next vacancy occurs in the Executive Council, he will advise the King to appoint an Indian, probably as head of the legal department. This is a distinct innovation, and in itself should afford considerable relief. Again, in the case of the Legislative Council, he proposes to raise the membership from twenty-four to sixty-two of whom twenty-six Indians and two commercial Europeans will be elected. At the same time, debates will be placed on a new footing by giving all members, as Lord Morley himself says, "the novel right of moving resolutions and dividing the Council on administrative questions of public interest, and of taking part in settling the actual figures of the budget." But even this extreme change, almost revolutionary as it may seem as a reform, does not seem to satisfy the natives. Lajpat Rai, a Hindu journalist who has espoused the cause of the natives to a considerable extent, and who, in many respects, seems to have assumed a role very similar to the part played by William Lyon MacKenzie in the Canadian agitation, says, in writing in The International (London) that "a mere expansion of legislative councils will serve no purpose until a substantial step is taken to give a real voice to the people in the government of their country, in the imposition of taxes, in the spending of revenue, and in the control of all branches of public service." Whether or not the native demands, as thus expressed, outrun the extent to which England may with safety proceed in the direction of granting self-government to India, is difficult to determine, but certain it is that the natives are doggedly determined that the present conditions shall no longer prevail.

There is a likeness between the criticisms that have been offered by British statesmen to Lord Morley's proposed reforms and the attitude of many of England's leading men when the necessity for reform in Canada was pressed upon the home government. Lord MacDonnell, an administrator who has been acquainted with conditions in India for the last thirty years, says: "The principle which ought, in my opinion, to direct and control our policy in India is this, the maintenance of complete and absolute control in the hands of a small body of picked officers of the Empire who form the government of India and, subject to that control, the fullest measure of local government in the provinces that each province is fit to administer. I believe you cannot find in India a single individual who would be able to give valuable service and assistance to the Governor-General in Council." There is almost a counterpart in the utterance of Lord John Russell, speaking in the House of Commons of the demands of Lower Canada, when he said: "The House of Assembly of Lower Canada have asked for an elective legislative council, and an executive council which shall be responsible to them and not to the government and Crown of Great Britain. We consider that these demands are inconsistent with the relations between a colony and the mother country, and that it would be better to say at once; 'Let the two countries separate.'" It required only subsequent events and developments in Canada to disillusionize the statesmen of England and demonstrate how utterly groundless were their fears. The question naturally arises: May not the same be true with regard to India. May we not be misjudging the capabilities of the natives and the potentialities they may possess for self-government? The history of Canada in this respect ought to be some criterion.

Even the most casual observer will probably raise the objection, and with justification, that there is such a vast difference between the two races as to preclude the possibility of comparing the political situations. This objection merits examination. The natives of India belong to the Dravidian and Aryan races, and possess what are generally accepted as the characteristics of inhabitants of tropical countries—treachery, laziness and sloth. Their religion is one of superstition and fanaticism and as such would scarcely be compatible with British institutions. The Indian Mutiny of 1857 was largely caused by Moslem fanaticism and a fanatical belief on the part of the Hindoos that the English government had resolved to make them Christians by forcing them to lose their caste and these, as causes of revolution, demonstrate the unstable and unreliable nature of the natives. What perhaps, more than anything, debars them from the possibility of self-government is the caste system to which they are subjected. Perhaps in no other country in the world is the caste system so rigorously enforced and this would undoubtedly result in internal discord, altercation and turbulence if the natives were left to govern themselves. On the other hand, the people that inhabited Canada when constitutional reforms were being striven for were of races that had a full appreciation of political institutions and ability for their administration. Being of English, Irish, Scotch and French descent, they were acquainted with and enjoyed the gift of government. The Anglo-Saxon and the French are essentially different from the Hindoo. The two former races have been imbued, from time almost immemorial, with a knowledge of government and the privilege of participating in it. The Indian has always been under the thumb of despotism. The Nabob administered justice, such as it was, and collected dues from him, till it is difficult to conceive of him as being capable of participation in any form of government, Withal, it would be presumptuous for us to attempt to sit as judges of India's ability to govern herself.

Statesmen in the past have been sadly mistaken in estimating the ability or inability of a colony or dependency to govern itself, and it is rather bold, in the light of past experience, to pass a definite verdict with regard to India. Then, again, there is considerable justification for the plea of Lajpat Rai that the people ought to have "a real voice in the government of their country, in the imposition of taxes, in the spending of revenue and in the control of all branches of the public service." It was the lack of these that made the American colonies declare for independence; the Canadian rebellion, in the main, can be attributed to no other cause, and at present it seems to be the guiding principle of the colonial policy of Britain. If it has succeeded elsewhere, why not in India? Racial conditions may make modifications necessary, but even that would be better than conditions as they exist at present. Whatever may be their creed, their social conditions and their racial characteristics, nevertheless they are British subjects and deserve to be treated as such. If we attach any importance to the dictum of John Stuart Mills that "The government of a people by itself has a meaning and a reality, but such a thing as government of one people by another does not and cannot exist," then it would appear that there is considerable justification for the natives' outcry, and that ultimately, preferably to avert rather than as a result of revolt, England must concede to the natives a measure at least of self-government.

A forecast of India's future could only be conjecture at best. Certain it is that within the next decade some change must take place, and the example of Canada ought to serve as convincing evidence that reform brought about by peaceful means is greatly preferable to that obtained by coercion. It is a big problem for England to solve, and Lajpat Rai has revealed the crux of the situation when he says: "The greatest problem for British statesmanship to solve, in connection with their government in India at the present moment, is how to reconcile the supremacy of England with Indian aspirations."

A view of the Aerodrome "Silver Dart," owned and operated by Mr. J. A. D. McCurdy, of Baddeck, N.S. The photograph of which this illustration is a reproduction, was taken while the "Silver Dart" was making a flight at Baddeck of four and a half miles at a rate of about forty miles an hour.

Algernon Charles Swinburne

Where he Lived and Where he lies Buried.

Capheaton, the Home of the Swinburnes, Where the Poet Spent His Babyhood.

Bonchurch Church, Isle of Wight, Where Swinburne is Buried.

The Pines, Putney, Where He Spent Thirty Years with Mr. Watts-Dunton.

A Sketch of the Poet on His Last Walk on Putney Heath.

IT is surprising how much more interesting a subject a man becomes after he is dead, and in this respect famous poets are as amenable to the law as ordinary mortals. During the later years of his life, if Swinburne was mentioned at all it was merely to point out how completely he had shot his bolt, and to suggest that he had not shot it to any very impressive purpose. But now that he is dead, all the literary publications have awakened to the fact that he was the last of the giants, and that the versifiers who survive him are not worthy to put flowers on his grave. And the illustrated weeklies give him photographic prominence almost equal to that of the Armenian massacres. He has thus come into his own. His face and his home have suddenly become almost as familiar as those of Mr. Roosevelt. Not to be behind-hand, SATURDAY NIGHT hastens to pay an illustrated tribute to the great departed.

The accompanying pictures of the poet himself are both of particular interest. The smaller one is the last photograph of him, and shows clearly how much he had aged. His features had become pinched, and his eyes had lost their serene expression. But he still persisted in his walks on Putney Heath; and it was on the last of these walks that an artist saw him as depicted in the larger picture, which was painted a few days before the poet's death. The pictures of buildings represent the home of Swinburne's boyhood, the house where he lived with Mr. Watts-Dunton for over thirty years, and the little church in whose grave-yard he lies buried. Capheaton, the home of the Swinburnes, is a beautiful and historic home in Cumberland, which is now in the possession of Sir John Swinburne, a first cousin of the poet. It was here that Algernon spent his boyhood, a fair-haired delicate little fellow, who even then gave promise of his future greatness. His father was Charles Henry Swinburne, an admiral in the Royal Navy, and his mother was a daughter of the third Earl of Ashburnham. He received his education at Eton and Oxford, but enjoyed very slight academic success. In fact he left the university with little reputation and no degree. After this followed a period of travel, during which he spent some time in Florence with Walter Savage Landor. It was not till late in the "seventies" that he took up his residence with Mr. Watts-Dunton at "The Pines" in Putney, and began that long and loving comradeship which is one of the most beautiful things in the story of latter-day letters.

Success.

By JAMES P. HAVERSON.

SUCCESS is not to reach the goal.
To write your name upon a scroll,
To clamber to the top and then
Look down upon your fellow men.

If little of the page be shown
Or every secret thing be known,
'Twere better to have won a smile
Than to have made the largest pile.

My friend, when all is done and said,
When we are listed with the dead,
I'd rather have them speak my name,
Though it be blistered black with shame,
A word of love instead of fame.

Dodging the Reporters.

MR. J. R. Cartwright, the Deputy Attorney General of Ontario, is a noted authority on criminal and constitutional law, but a mild-mannered man, withal. That he should find it necessary to seek a refuge while enjoying the protection of the peace and quief of Osgoode Hall may strike some as strange; but it is true, nevertheless.

It was while the Crown Office subpœna was being discussed and prepared in connection with the Kinrade case. Mr. Cartwright had been bothered a good deal by the persistent and insistent reporter, and when he saw another contingent bearing down on him, he fled, even though he did represent the Attorney General and the Crown, and despite the fact that members of the advancing brigade were known to him personally.

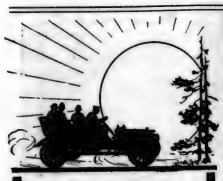
Mr. J. S. Cartwright, the Master-in-Chambers, is a brother of the Deputy Attorney General. And when a lawyer rapped at the Master's private door, it was opened, but by the Deputy Attorney General, not by the Master-in-Chambers.

"Come in," said the Deputy, "come in, but close the door. I don't want the press gang out there to get at me again."

And they say that a few hours later Detective Jack Miller jumped from the window of the vault in the Writ Office, in order to dodge the reporters.

The Lancashire old age pensions committee recently had before it an application for a pension by a man who had £1,025 lying in a bank at 2 per cent. interest, making his income £20 10s., or £10 within the limit that bars. The committee, considering how easy it would be for the money to be invested safely and bring in a larger income, placed the case before the local government board, which telegraphed that the money must be considered as invested or profitably used. At the next meeting the committee characterized the case as scandalous and one of the absurdities of the act but granted the pension.

John F. Sutton, the pioneer "press agent" of America, is still living and has a home near Baltimore. He was the most efficient aid of the famous showman, P. T. Barnum, and personally directed the advertising and newspaper articles for Jenny Lind, Artemus Ward, and other professional notables of that time.



See Canada
FROM A
RUSSELL

and enjoy the finest summer you ever had.

There is no one investment you can make that will bring the pleasure that comes from an investment in a good automobile—an investment for all the family as well as yourself.

Time and distance mean nothing; you can go where you please and when you please — on quick little runs out of town for an evening—on week-end trips, or on magnificent vacation tours that will show you the beauty of our Canadian country as you never realized it before.

The essential thing is a good automobile.

The Russell Car is built especially for road service. It is the ideal car for short trips or long tours, for general service on all kinds of roads—built to be comfortable, no matter how rough the roads—built with plenty of power to take sand, mud, and sharp hills on high gear without a falter, and to make splendid time on the level. Built to stand the strain of jolts and jars that shake an inferior car to pieces before a season is fairly under way. A car that is always under perfect control.

With a car like that under you—one that does not give you a moment's uneasiness—and with the knowledge that everywhere you go you will find a RUSSELL agent or branch capable of giving the car the best of attention, you will know what a real vacation is.

Ask especially to see Model L, $2,000.

A Russell model at a remarkably low price for a high grade car is the standard features of the most expensive cars on the market. A light weight touring car economical to maintain.

Made also in Roadster model with or without detachable rear seat. Send for our catalogues.

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Makers of High Grade Automobiles.

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FERRO
Engines

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Work or Pleasure Boats

Also adapted for Shop or Farm use

THESE engines combine the latest mechanical improvements found in highest grade automobile engines, including offset cylinder, counterbalanced crankshaft, positive pressure oiling system, accessible working parts, etc.

Ferro Engines insure reliable and economical power.

THEY are made in the largest marine engine factory in the world, by skilled workmen from finest materials. Everything is produced in this factory, from blue print to finished motor. The large quantity manufactured makes the prices very reasonable.

10 sizes, 3 to 25 H.P. in jump spark ignition.
6 sizes, 4 to 15 H.P. in make-and-break ignition.

Over 15,000 in daily use

Sold by leading Canadian dealers. Write or see the following:

Gas Engine Dept.

A. R. Williams Machinery Co.,
LIMITED
95 Front St. W. - - TORONTO

THE latest craze in London, according to the London correspondent of The Manchester Guardian, is not to wash. He declares that the fashion is just perceptible in the West End streets.

Its followers come, he says, from a slightly richer class than the "No Hat Brigade" of a few years back, who were never to be seen in Piccadilly—at any rate in the afternoon. The "No Wash" men for the most part have not quite money enough to maintain the motor and champagne standard, but they desire to be associated with those who do.

Their scheme is to look like fast long distance motorists who have just dismounted and have not yet had time to remove the marks of their journey from their faces. A slight untidiness in tie and coat collar and cramped movement of the legs are sometimes considered suitable accompaniments. A touch of oily waste on the nose or over the eye is sufficient for some, a little dirt on the cheek satisfies others.

These innocent deceptions may sound unlikely to those who do not know London history, but it is surely as reasonable for a modern young man of spirit to try to look like a chauffeur as it was for a "Corinthian" of Rawdon Crawley's date to be happy when he was mistaken for a jockey or a stage coachman.

* * *

E. P. Chalfant, of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers of the United States, has come out with an array of facts and figures to prove that motor car accidents are steadily decreasing in number. He points out that: "The public practically never hears of accidents due to horse drawn vehicles, street cars or railroads, unless the automobile also happens to be an element in the accident. Yet there is probably no question but that accidents in any one of the 'non-automobile' fields exceed, by almost any basis of proportionate comparison, the accidents due to automobiles."

Mr. Chalfant quotes from the police records of New York from January 1 to January 10 of the present year to show that in that city during that period there were 434 vehicular accidents. Of these 162 were due to street cars, 102 to wagons and 90 to automobiles. The remainder were caused by horse drawn trucks, 53; horse drawn cabs, 12, and trains, 15. Commenting on these data, Mr. Chalfant says:

"In spite of these figures, as opposed to accidents in which an automobile is not concerned, the slightest accident in which an automobile plays a part is generally the basis of large headlines over a news story, frequently inaccurate and often exaggerated. Here we doubtless see the effect of the comparative novelty of the mechanically driven vehicle. For generations we have been accustomed to such misadventures, and they are no longer news. It would seem that any new transportation medium must for a time pay the penalty of being too strongly in the limelight and the burden of much criticism and doubt. Broadly, it is pioneer work."

* * *

A writer in The Japan Weekly Chronicle says: "I know it sounds like an effort of imagination to state that Seoul, the capital of Korea, a country which not so many years ago was absolutely closed to foreigners, has been invaded by an up-to-date steam automobile of 60 horse-power, weighing over three tons and measuring 15 ft. long and 5 ft. wide. But the fact remains that such is the case; and also that the Koreans and Chinese have had the shock of their lives. They are now gradually becoming used to it; but on its first appearance they were obsessed with the idea that some strange and weird demon had visited the earth to administer punishment for their various sins."

* * *

Few people—few auto owners even—realize the amount of material used by a large motor-car manufacturer. One company is just now asking for tenders on material for the building of 12,000 cars. Among the articles enumerated are 200 tons of aluminum castings and 150 tons of brass castings. The babbitt metal that goes into the bearings alone is in excess of 50 tons, while the brass tubing figures up something like 126,000 feet or approximately twenty-five miles. The rivets alone will weigh more than thirty tons. Nor are the bids confined to metals. For example, 13,000 hides will be used for upholstering and trimming. Materials for tops call for more than 10,000 yards. 1,000 tons of steel bars and 800 tons of malleable iron will be used. In special steels, which play such an important part in the building of an automobile, the tenders call for 50 tons of chrome nickel steel and 50 tons of nickel steel.

* * *

In speaking of automobile body painting, a dealer said recently: "There is more exaggeration about the number of coats of paint and varnish put on an automobile body than about any other feature of the car construction. The time allowance between the coats and the care exercised in putting them on are of vastly more importance than the number of coats, and if too many are given the surface is likely to crack and flake off.

"You occasionally hear about an automobile body having twenty-five to thirty coats of paint and varnish. This is ridiculous. An aluminum body requires eight coats and a wood body fourteen. The latter should receive two coats of lead prime, six coats of filler, a guide coat, one or two color coats and four of varnish. An aluminum body does not require the filler or guide coats and instead of the lead prime a special preparation is used for the foundation and then the color and varnish coats are added."

* * *

During the past three years the number of clubs in the New York State Automobile Association has more than doubled, there being now forty-five such organizations, with a membership of 4,500.

* * *

In Massachusetts a remarkable test is being conducted with a thirty horsepower stock car manufactured by a well-known firm of makers. An attempt is being made with this car to establish a 10,000 mile non-stop record. It has been running continuously since March 10, and last week had passed the 5,000 mile mark, constituting a new record. At the conclusion of the test the car will be taken apart before a committee and the wear and tear will be closely examined and reported upon.

* * *

Automobile novelties continue to multiply. The other day a New Yorker who talked to The Sunday Sun expressed his surprise at something he had seen on Fifth avenue, which he seldom visits. This is the way he told it:

"New to me were the vases filled with flowers in automobiles.

"Of course I'd heard of automobile clocks, and of fitting up the auto with holders for comb and brush and mirror and card case and that sort of thing, but I had never even heard of flower vases in automobiles until yesterday, and then I saw several machines that were thus equipped.

"In each case the vase was tall and slender, running to a point at the lower end and flaring at the top, in its shape reminding one of the familiar ancient torch; and this slender and graceful torchlike vase, something less than a foot in height, was supported in a holder attached to the inner side of the automobile, in front, to be thus placed and filled with flowers, like a vase of flowers in a room, a grateful object for the eyes of the auto's occupants to rest upon.

"I think I shall have a flower vase in mine."

* * *

The members of the Automobile Club of Canada, an organization with headquarters at Montreal, have prepared for an active campaign in the general interests of motorists, to commence at once. One of the principal things the club will deal with will be the dust nuisance, and, together with the municipalities of Montreal and St. Anne's, it has arranged to oil roads most used by automobilists. In connection with road work it has been planned to post signs between Montreal and Rouse's Point, thus forming marked touring routes. Arrangements have not been fully completed as yet for the three days' race meet to be held on the Blue Bonnets track, but it is expected that it will be a very important event. A number of prominent drivers are expected to pilot cars in the races.

* * *

The municipality of the city of New York has purchased thirty automobiles with special ambulance bodies, to be used by the various metropolitan hospitals. Before the purchase was made a board of experts examined the chasses of practically every manufacturer represented in the city.

* * *

One day recently a Dallas, Texas, man reported that he had accomplished what looked like an impossible feat in his 30 horse-power car. He said that he had driven the car, carrying four passengers, up an incline said to be the steepest in Texas, the climb being made over a dry bed of a stream filled with crumbled limestone, shale, and boulders. Local motorists challenged the truth of the statement, whereupon the owner, in order to satisfy all doubters, made the trip the second time.

* * *

The motor bus has made its appearance in Constantinople simultaneously with that of the new Turkish Sultan. On the same day that the Constitutional troops entered the city a number of motor buses, owned by an English firm and driven by English chauffeurs, began service on the streets of the Turkish capital. It is said they are being well patronized, largely through curiosity, but that they have some difficulty in getting around their routes promptly on account of the narrowness of the streets.

* * *

A remarkable motor trip will be made by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Littlefield, of Oakland, Cal., this summer. They will go from San Francisco to Portland, Maine, and then back to the Pacific. Mr. Littlefield has spent much time and money in preparations, both as to his car and his routes. The trip east will be made by way of Los Angeles, New Orleans, and Washington. The return will be through Buffalo and Chicago, and then for the most part along the route of the New York-to-Seattle endurance run.

* * *

W. Gould Brokaw, of New York, owns one of the most elaborately equipped automobile bodies ever built. It is of the limousine type. It is fitted with a folding marqueterie table of inlaid mahogany, annunciator to driver, electric cigar lighter, cabinets in the two rear quarters, one containing a lady's toilet case and the other a gentleman's toilet case; mahogany ice box on step, insect screens for summer and a large plate glass mirror, which swings down from the ceiling, where it is concealed when not in use.

PNEUMATIC.

GOING TO A HUNT IN AN AUTO.

The motor car is useful even to masters of hounds in England. The picture shows Captain Disney Watt, master of the Shorncliffe Draghounds, speaking to hounds from a six-cylinder car. He finds this the quickest way of getting to a meet and giving his directions before a run.

THE SOLVING OF THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM

has reached the highest point yet recorded, in the

"REO"

We claim this proud position for our Car on the strength of both *"high performance"* and *"low price"*—features that must both be taken into consideration.

When an automobile manufacturer can produce at $1,250 a touring-car that answers every motoring requirement, as does the "Reo," he surely can claim, for his car, with justice, that it is *the best value on the market.*

REO RUNABOUT, $650

REO MOTOR CAR CO. OF CANADA, Limited, ST. CATHARINES

Agents in Toronto—BRINTNELL MOTOR CAR, Limited, 419-421 Queen Street West

"The time, the place, and the girl. How seldom we see them together." "And another rare combination is the man, the scheme, and the coin."—Washington Herald.

She—Don't you think that her playing shows remarkable finish? He (yawning)—Yes, but she was a deuced long time in getting to it.—Town Topics.

Bill—Ketch me a-takin' you out for an outing again! Done nuffink but grumble, you aven't, even since I put the snowball dahn yer back.—Sketch.

"Have you a fireless cooker at your house?" "Um-m-m, well, something like that; we're afraid to discharge her."—Puck.

THE baseball fans to the contrary notwithstanding, long distance running is back once more to the top of the column, in virtue of a new appeal to public interest. The appeal this time is the Marathon Derby, which was run off on the Island and was won by Marsh, of Winnipeg, in good time. The claim has been made that Marsh established a new record, but this seems to be a somewhat doubtful point. Even if the time of 2.39.47 stood good and it was found that the track was the proper size, there would still be some clearing up to be done before Marsh could claim the record. Very much better time than this is claimed for Sibert, a countryman of St. Yves, in a professional Derby over the Marathon distance in England. The Frenchman is said to have covered the same course as was used for the Olympic Marathon in 2.37. Marsh has therefore some distance still to go before he can break the record. At the same time it must be admitted that he made a very good run of it, and if he continues in the same form he should make excellent showing even in the company of the big cracks.

* * *

WHILE on the subject of long-distance running, a very plucky attempt to lower the record for the run between Hamilton and Toronto was made a few days ago by Frank Murphy, a young runner of the West-end Y.M.C.A. The boy—for he is nothing more—failed to lower the record, but he came close enough to it to justify high hopes being held for his future performances. He showed all kinds of grit and endurance, plugging along alone through the mud, with no one to rub him down, so that he was afraid to stop lest his legs should stiffen up on him. But it seems too bad that he should have tackled anything so arduous. A run of this sort is almost too much for a fully matured and carefully trained runner, and for a slight boy like Murphy is nothing short of dangerous. At the same time it does not seem to have had any serious consequences, because he was down to work bright and early next day, and complained of nothing but a little stiffness about the hips.

* * *

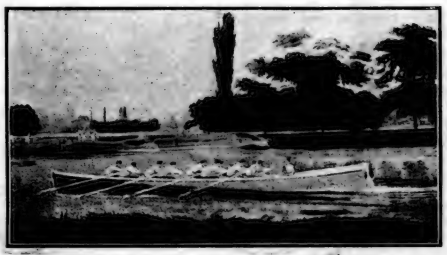
THERE is no royal road to success on the turf, and of late years King Edward has had abundant opportunities of learning this truth. Nine years ago his stable put him at the head of the winning owners' list in England, with earnings of almost $150,000. Since then the luck went hard against him. It was certainly a case of the nine lean years. But now he seems destined to have a return of his former good fortune; and already he has won twice as much as during the whole of last year. His latest victory is the recent winning of the Two Thousand Guineas, when Minoru again carried the royal colors to the wire ahead of the field. According to reports the King's victory was immensely popular, and was the occasion of a scene of enthusiasm seldom witnessed at Newmarket, which is supposed to be one of the quietest and most subdued racing resorts in the world.

* * *

ANTI-GAMBLERS or faddists—call them what you will—(says The Bystander) are perpetually clamoring for the abolition of betting on horse racing. Do they ever seriously consider what would happen if their wishes were brought into force? If they wanted an example of what mischief can be caused by legislation of this kind, let them look to the present state of the American Turf. Here there has been nothing but utter stagnation since the law was passed prohibiting betting on racecourses. Flourishing meetings have been closed down; hundreds of honest people have been thrown out of employment. The public no longer takes an active interest in the performances on the tracks. All the biggest breeders of thoroughbreds have felt the draught, and many owners, disgusted with the so-called "land of liberty," have sent their horses to be trained in England and France. When we see such pillars of the American Turf as Mr. James R. Keene, Mr. August Belmont and Mr. H. P. Whitney, millionaires all, deserting the American tracks in favor of those in this country, we can realize that there is something radically wrong in their own land. Surely, something of the same sort would happen if the faddists got their way in this country. Probably racing would be continued in England even if betting were to be abolished by Act of Parliament, but it would be at best an emasculated sport, confined to a few owners willing to race against each other for their own amusement. It has been estimated that the English Turf causes £10,000,000 to be circulated every season. There is, besides, an enormous capital locked up in our racecourses, training stables, and breeding studs. Would it be worth while to place that enormous capital in jeopardy for the sake of making the rather hopeless experiment of "reforming" race-goers? People will bet. Gambling is an instinct—or failing, if you like—inherent in the human race. And if you take away the horses, some other outlet is sure to be found for gratifying our national "punting" propensities. Over and above all this, any interference with racing would be bad for our breed of horses. Already the British Army is seriously under-horsed, according to the experts. Goodness knows, then, where we should get our stock from if private breeders were to be discouraged in the great industry of rearing horses for the Turf.

* * *

TALKING of horses, an interesting development of late is the promotion of the bronco. The branded, range bred bronco that a little more than a decade ago was a veritable Ishmaelite among horses is today the most sought after and readily saleable animal in the metropolitan market, says The New York Sun. Feats of endurance in the Spanish-American and South African wars gave the range bred horses and ponies of the West a world-wide reputation for rustling and wearing qualities, and they have steadily gained popularity, not only on the polo field but on the bridle paths of Central Park, in the riding clubs and schools and wherever saddle horses are used. Even the horse shows have prizes for them nowadays. At Durland's recently so many were entered that the class had to be divided.



The Cambridge crew in their first racing boat, 1829. (From the original picture.

Successive crosses of racing and trotting blood on the wild foundation stock of the plains have worked a wonderful improvement in the appearance of these small horses during recent years, and some of those now shown have the quality, the finish and the speed of miniature thoroughbreds. One of the best specimens exhibited at the Durland show was the chestnut gelding Foxhall, owned by Frederick Gerken, Jr. This little horse, winner of the red ribbon in strong competition, shows unmistakable traces of Arab blood in his refined conformation and quality.

Long prices are sometimes paid for range bred saddle horses, and the demand for them this spring is seemingly unlimited. At a recent sale in the American Horse Exchange one of these branded broncos brought $900 under the hammer, and a carload of them averaged $275. At private sale Fiss, Doerr & Carroll, a fortnight ago, disposed of twenty-eight head between Sunday and Wednesday, selling them right off the cars like so many hot cakes. Mr. Carroll selected one of them for his own use, and after riding the active, handy little animal a few times at Teaneck, N.J., he pronounced it the best saddle horse he had ever mounted.

* * *

GLANCING through one of the earlier books on lawn tennis the other day (says an English writer) I was much struck by a statement therein to the effect that the game had been very unfortunately named; and, by way of corroboration of the writer's complaint, the fact that to many people lawn tennis is a game which (as its name implies) can only be played on a lawn was brought home to me only a short time after, when I happened to mention to a friend that I had just had a good hard game of lawn tennis. "Lawn Tennis?" said he. "Why, you must have found the grass very soft." As a matter of fact, he knew that the game is played on other surfaces besides grass, but he himself had never played on a "hard" court, either under cover or in the open, and as I had used the expression "lawn tennis" without qualification, his ejaculation had slipped out quite naturally.

We all know that there is nothing to come up to a perfect grass court. But how many grass courts are perfect? And who has not seen a perfect grass court ruined by an hour's rain followed by an hour's play on it by four ponderous athletes shod with steel points? The perfect grass court is the thoroughbred, but the hard court, be it only moderately good, is the serviceable hack; whilst, to carry the metaphor a degree further, the bad grass court is a veritable screw. The time will come when no tournament, however renowned for its grass courts, will be regarded as complete without its three or four "hard" courts for use in wet weather, and when a good many clubs, realizing that their grass courts never will, and never can, be anything but bad—owing to conditions of soil, situation, excessive use, climate, and so forth—and that lawn tennis (in spite of its name) can be enjoyed thoroughly, even in hot weather, elsewhere than on a lawn, will dig up their so-called turf and replace it with a good, hard serviceable surface of gravel, rubble, or cement. Those who have been to Homburg, Dinard, Le Touquet, or the many places in Switzerland where "hard" court tournaments flourish in the hottest weather, will bear me out in my prophecy.

* * *

"HAS-BEENS" are always a more or less pitiful sight, but it is doubtful if any are so pitiful as the veteran prize-fighters, who have lost their strength and their skill, but who still persist in following the game at which they won their early successes. Of course, the result is a foregone conclusion. They are steadily and unfailingly whipped by men whom they would have scorned to meet in their palmy days. And they keep going lower and lower in the ranks of pugilists, until finally they cease to be an attraction at all and cannot find a club to give them a chance to make a few dollars. Bob Fitzsimmons, one of the greatest fighting machines in the history of pugilism, is rapidly going this route. And it is only the other day that his old opponent, Peter Maher, went down to ignominious defeat at the hands of a raw new-comer. It was at Philadelphia recently that the former Irish champion was beaten in the very first round by a fellow of the name of Jack Fitzgerald, who scored a clean knock-out. This sort of thing makes very unpleasant reading; and even though pugilistic fame is probably the least desirable of all the brands, still one cannot help feeling a certain regret at seeing a former champion fallen so low.

* * *

IN the last issue of Leslie's Weekly there is an interesting account of some of the newest developments in the business of baseball. The latest are the official baseball scout, the official coaches, and the catchers hired solely to train young pitchers. These are the outgrowth of the last two or three years' hunt for new methods to help the game.

The scout is a busy man, indeed. He travels around almost as much as a commercial drummer, and he is expected to have as many yards of baseball statistics at his fingers' ends as a city bank cashier has knowledge of all kinds of currency. What does the scout do? Well, one day he is somewhere up in the country, watching a player on a minor league team. The next day he may be back at the far-these crossroads, looking over some green chap who never has played with a league, but who has so much baseball ability that somebody has seen him and reported him to the scout's employer or to the scout himself. The day after that he may be travelling with a trolley league, stopping off at the place of the game to look over some of the "trolley leaguers." A week from that he may be away off in another part of the country, taking a line on baseball material in that section.

Louis Heilbronner, out in the West, is a professional scout. He takes the trail for the Cincinnati and St. Louis teams. Tom Daly has been appointed chief scout for Brooklyn. Dan Brouthers scouts for the Giants every now and then. When McGraw hears of some player who possesses those little qualifications which are dear to the McGraw heart, big Dan slips quietly out of the city and drops in unexpectedly at some ball game far away from the busy haunts of Broadway.

Most of the clubs in the big leagues are hiring the old-time crack backstops to coach their young pitchers. The old boys may be too slow to take part in regular games, but they know the inside points and the weaknesses of half the batters, and they are of incalculable assistance in rounding out the youngsters. Farrell, McGuire, and Robinson have made successes in this line.

* * *

THE Rusholme Lawn Tennis Club will hold their opening tea on Saturday afternoon, May 15, and the playing season will be formally inaugurated that day. PLAYFAIR.

"Here is another thing about Meerschaum Cut Plug that you will like, sir.
It is always the same.
Experts select tobacco grown on the same plantations—cure it the same way—blend it in the same proportions—pack it in the same careful style.
It is the same cool, sweet smoke—whenever and wherever you buy it.
I recommend Meerschaum Cut Plug so strongly because I know it will please you."

472

MEERSCHAUM CUT PLUG
SOLD EVERYWHERE

LABATT'S
Recommended by physicians for nervous people. Taken at night, it acts as a harmless and very effective hypnotic. Calming and a nerve tonic—nourishes and strengthens. Palatable and without any disagreeable after effects.
PORTER

THE REASON WHY
The reason why Parker's Dye Works have become CANADA'S GREATEST DYERS, known from coast to coast, is because of the ability to clean or redye well almost any article of wearing apparel or housefurnishings, and because of careful attention to each individual order.
R. PARKER & CO.
Cleaners and Dyers, Toronto.
201 and 791 Yonge St., 59 King St. W., 471 and 1324 Queen St. W., 277 Queen Street East.

LARGE
FAMILY WASHINGS
Special Rates and Careful Work
Yorkville Laundry
47 Elm Street
Phone Main 1880

DRIVE A WHITE STEAMER
and do some real touring

If you drive a White car, you may plan your tours without any thought as to whether the roads are good, bad or indifferent. With a White car, you can drive on a bad road without any more effort than on a good road, and without any inconvenience to your passengers. Simply by handling the throttle, you can adapt the speed of the car yard by yard, to road conditions.

Most of the interesting parts of the country are without good roads and, therefore, unless you drive a White, your opportunities for real touring are very limited.

We ask for an opportunity to prove to you that the White is the most satisfactory car.

THE WHITE COMPANY, LIMITED
MORSE FELLERS, Manager
170 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario

WEEK-END TRIPS.

After your week's work and worry is over, there is nothing more refreshing to both mind and body than a little pleasure trip. The Grand Trunk Railway System will issue return tickets to a great many points in Ontario at single fare, with ten cents added, good going Saturday or Sunday, returning any train Monday. Full information at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets. 'Phone Main 4209.

Any person who drinks 25c. tea and once tastes 30c. "Salada" will see that it is not only finer in flavor, but that, as one pound makes many more cups, it is economical to use.

By Royal Warrant

to His Majesty the King

The Wine of Royalty

Royal Warrants have been granted to Messrs. G. H. MUMM & CO. by

His Majesty King Edward VII. His Majesty the King of Sweden.
His Majesty the German Emperor. His Majesty the King of Denmark.
His Majesty the Emperor of Austria. His Majesty the King of the Belgians.
His Majesty the King of Italy. His Majesty the King of Spain.

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EXTRA DRY

The most exquisite Dry Champagne Imported

SELECTED BRUT

A Superb Brut Wine of unsurpassed style and flavor.

There is probably not a club in the world where men of taste gather, where the name of G. H. MUMM & CO. is not a synonym for the best champagne that can be had.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

S. B. Townsend & Co., Montreal, Agents for Canada

The Proof of The Demand for

The Gillette Safety Razor

Five years ago, the Gillette factory was a single room with a handful of employees.

Since 1904, the Boston factory has been enlarged four times. The buildings shown above have four acres of floor space and house seventeen hundred workers.

The world-wide demand for "The Gillette" necessitated the establishment of factories in **Montreal**, London, Paris and Berlin. In Canada, the "GILLETTE" is made in the largest and most up-to-date plant in the Dominion that is devoted exclusively to the manufacture of safety razors. The world over, "The Gillette" marks the final achievement in razor-making.

Gillette — KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Your jeweler, your druggist, your hardware dealer, your favorite departmental store will explain the features of the "Gillette" to you and show you the different styles.

The GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. of Canada Limited
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St. Montreal. 58

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY A

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Myrtle—Perhaps he wasn't yawning. He may have been trying to say something else.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"John, your smoke will spoil the curtains."
"That's better than having the smoke spoil my smoke."—Phildelphia Ledger.

DRAMA

ALICE YORKE,
In "A Broken Idol."

PROBLEM plays and "high-brow" dramatic disquisitions generally are all right in their way; and even the denizens of "the gods" have been trained to speak with respect these days of Messrs. Ibsen, Sudermann, *et al.* But at the same time a good rollicking farce has its place, too, and there are times when even the most serious-minded of men longs for a chance to lean back and laugh, with the large silly laugh which speaks a contented mind. And that looked for chance is surely given in "Brewster's Millions," the clever farce founded on that clever book of George Barr McCutcheon's. It is an old favorite and has been seen in Toronto no less than three times; but it is as absurd and impossible and amusing as ever on its present visit to the Princess. It is also very fairly acted, with the exception of one or two weak spots in the cast. And the staging is, of course, splendid. The famous yacht-in-a-storm scene is as good as ever, and seems to possess a perennial attractiveness, to judge by the clamorous applause with which it was received.

* * *

THERE are moving pictures and moving pictures, but they can all be brought under two great classes—the bad and the good. A bad moving picture is a thing to be tolerated neither by gods nor men nor oculists. But a good moving picture is a very entertaining and often a very instructive thing to see. And the travel pictures at present being shown at the Royal Alexandra are good moving pictures—among the very best ever seen in Toronto. The scenes and incidents depicted are not only very unusual and striking, but the work is very well done. The pictures are always perfectly clear and lifelike, and they are also almost altogether free from the vibration which makes this form of entertainment so painful to the eyes of some people. Among the most interesting pictures shown in this week's programme are the views of the "Grand Prix Auto Race" and the "Italian Cavalry Manœuvres." In both cases the swift action was given with marvellous fidelity, and there were times when the pictures became nothing less than thrilling. There was, however, one feature of the programme which might be omitted or at least toned down with very good effect, and that is the talking and shouting and general noise-making which goes on back of the screen, with the praiseworthy intention of helping out the illusion. But this is one of these good intentions which have helped to pave a place not polite to mention. Instead of heightening the effect, the noise as a rule merely hampers it and distracts the attention of the spectator. Just as an instance, it does not at all help views of a French auto race to have two or three voices shouting out insane remarks in English at different stages of the pictures. Nor is the depiction of the crowded streets of Cairo at all improved by the mouthing of a lot of idiotic gibberish. In the same way the really excellent pictures of Sicily before and after the earthquake are more or less marred by an intermission of flashing and banging, supposed to represent the quake in question. This sort of thing should certainly be omitted. The pictures are altogether too good to be marred by such silly slap-stick work.

* * *

The Amateur Players of Toronto who recently won the Earl Grey Dramatic Trophy in Montreal, are to give one performance of "Candida," the play with which they obtained first prize in the contest. This will take place on May 19.

Next Week's Bills.

Princess — Burns-Johnson Fight Pictures.
Royal Alexandra—Travel Pictures.
Shea's—Vaudeville.
Gayety—Al. Reeves' Show.
Grand—Thomas E. Shea.

NEXT week is to be moving picture week in Toronto all right, with the two leading theatres devoting themselves to this form of entertainment. It is all very well to talk about uplifting the stage, but when the fag-end of the season comes around the poor manager has to do something or other to eke out his bills, and if nothing else offers—why then, moving pictures, of course! Especially as the moving picture has grown to be a very popular form of entertainment—for people who have good eyes.

The patrons of the Princess will get an opportunity next week of seeing that gentleman of color known to pugilistic fame as "Li'l' Artha' Johnsing" in action on the anatomy of Mr. Tommy Burns, also a hero of the roped arena. Their late celebrated engagement at Sydney is to be thrown on the screen, and a prodigious quantity of film is to be rapidly unrolled for the edification of illustrated-fight fans. In this way people who did not have the exquisite pleasure of seeing Mr. Johnson batter Mr. Burns in reality, will be able to enjoy as much of that historic engagement as the modern camera and up-to-date scientific photography have been able to preserve.

* * *

At the Royal Alexandra the moving pictures of travel which have been so popular during the past week will be continued, with a change of programme. Next week, as during the present one, a very wide range of country is to be covered and a great variety of incident. Among the scenes depicted will be: a steeplechase in England; tunny-fishing in Sicily; scenes in India; trooping the colors at Buckingham Palace; Niagara in winter, the Fraser river canyon; and that really remarkable moving picture, "A Runaway Train."

* * *

Shea's, in spite of this being the slack time of the theatrical season, still continues to do the same old business at the same old stand. The bill for next week includes: Sydney Deane and company; the Doherty sisters; McConnell and Simpson; Howard's ponies; Smith and Campbell; Rice and Prevost; and Christey and Willis.

* * *

Burlesque is still to hold the boards at the Gayety next week, with Al Reeves as the purveyor of the entertainment. In order that the patrons of the theatre will be under no misapprehension he has dubbed his production the "Big Beauty Show," and goes on to state that it is "fully equipped with grand scenery, gorgeous costumes, and a marvellous display of electrical effects, and above all the most beautiful collection of girls ever before carried." There is something very inviting in the information conveyed in the last three words.

* * *

Commencing Victoria Day, "A Broken Idol" will run a week at the Princess. This musical farce was written by Hal Stevens, with music and lyrics by Van Alstyne and Williams, and is said to have enjoyed considerable success at the Whitney Theatre in Chicago, where it ran for nine months. Otis Harlan is the star of the production, with Miss Alice Yorke, a former Toronto girl and the daughter of the late H. J. Hill, as leading lady. FIRST NIGHTER.

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MUSIC

THERE are some worldly people who are fond of making the claim—which they regard in the light of a reproach—that music has no utilitarian aspect. The scornful, what's-the-good-of-it-anyway attitude of mind of such persons towards the divine art plainly indicates that they are not genuine music lovers; for man does not question or enquire into the usefulness of the things he loves. One is strongly tempted, when meeting such yearners after utility, to furnish them with solemn, refutatory examples such as that of the complete success of the man who took up the study of the cornet in an effort to avoid lung trouble.

But, in the course of a highly interesting address delivered last week before the Toronto Clef Club, Professor C. T. Currelley, M.A., whose eminence as an archeologist is so well known, incidentally supplied an example of the utilitarian aspect of music which is well worth quoting. Professor Currelley practically declared that it was music that built the pyramids. Many people labor under the misapprehension that the ancient Egyptians possessed marvellous mechanical means which enabled them to manipulate the huge blocks of granite of which the pyramids are composed. Such, however, is not the case. The remarkable climatic dryness of Egypt is a preservative agent which has retained for us all the mechanism employed; and this appears to have been nothing mysteriously wonderful, but rather of a primitive nature. The fact is that the Egyptian people possessed a pronounced feeling for melody and a most powerful instinct for rhythm. And thus gangs composed of hundreds of men, when applied to the task of moving blocks of granite weighing from forty to fifty tons, would chant their ancient yo-heave-ohs (the words of which usually had a religious significance) and, acting in rhythmical concert with an almost uncanny precision, were able to accomplish architectural achievements which have been the wonder of succeeding generations.

* * *

A FINE programme, enthusiastically received by an audience with a penchant for clamorous recalls—such describes the concert which temporarily combined the Edith Miller company with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at Massey Hall on Monday evening last. Miss Miller sang with rare expression, delightful charm of style, and an abandon which completely won her hearers. Particularly distinctive was her rendering of Brahms' beautiful "Von Ewiger Liebe," in which the sentiment of the words was charmingly revealed; a most convincing climax being reached at the close of this impressive song. The gifted singer also won pronounced success in a group of English songs and in Donizetti's aria, "O Mio Fernando."

Mr. Alfred Heather, in the Carmen "Flower Song," and Mr. Thorpe Bates, in the "Toreador" song from the same opera, were most warmly received. Miss Maud Bell, 'cellist, played several numbers in an exceedingly refined and artistic style, particularly worthy of mention being the Saint Saens "Le Cygne," in which the richness of her tone was in marked evidence.

The orchestra gave a remarkably good account of itself, all things being considered. The limited time in which preparation for this special event had to be made was evidently used to the very best advantage. The beauty of tone developed by its string section, particularly, in the Reinecke "Manfred" prelude, and the breadth of interpretation and fine effect which characterized the playing of Kistler's "Kunihild" overture created a most favorable inpression. A portion of the Saint Saens "Danse Macabre" was repeated in response to a demand for an extra number which could not be denied. A little weakness evidenced in accompanying Miss Miller in the Italian aria is satisfactorily accounted for by the paucity of rehearsals possible. The concert ended with a capital performance of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance in G Minor," in which Mr. Welsman's fine musicianship and control of his forces were well demonstrated. The concert again revealed the strong hold the orchestra has already obtained upon the musical affections of our people—a most gratifying indication of real development of taste for orchestral music in Toronto.

THE love for chamber music is also in process of growth with Torontonians. This was amply shown by the attendance at the supplementary concert of the Toronto String Quartette in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening. A programme of much interest was finely performed, the numbers being of a slightly more popular style and spirit than were those of the earlier concert. The opening number was Rauchnecker's "Quartette in C Minor," and proved to be melodiously rich as well as bright in manner. The excerpt from Raff's "The Maid of the Mill" provided a very interesting opportunity for first violin and 'cello, which was made the most of by Mr. Blachford and Dr. Nicolai. The numbers by Glazounow and Grieg were excellently handled; and, indeed, throughout the entire programme, the work of the String Quartette was of a distinguished type in unanimity, tone quality, and general musical expression. Miss Margaret McCoy, soprano, was a charming addition to the programme, and appeared to advantage in Schubert and Schumann selections.

* * *

THE vocal recital by pupils of Mr. Arthur Blight, singing master, brought out an audience which filled the hall of the Normal School on Tuesday evening last. Mr. Blight's careful instruction was well evidenced in the vocal numbers rendered by the following of his students: Misses Elsie Morrison, Ethel Neilson, Mary P. Watson, Evelyn Graham, Leola Richardson, Mabel Doherty, Lillian Wilson, and Messrs. Charles Stanley, Norman Brooker, and Warren I. Walker. Miss Valborg M. Zollner contributed piano numbers with much success. Mr. Blight announces another recital for May 11 in the same hall.

* * *

Walmer road Baptist church choir gave an interesting service of praise on Tuesday evening. It was a "Gounod" programme throughout, and Mr. W. F. Pickard, the organist and choirmaster, gave a pleasing demonstration of his capable work as choir trainer. Special mention might be made of the well known chorus from the "Redemption," "Unfold, Ye Portals," and the unaccompanied motets, "Ave Verum," and "Come Unto Him." Mr. John Linden, 'cellist, and Mr. E. R. Bowles, accompanist, gave valuable assistance. It might be incidentally remarked that Mr. Pickard's organ is placed to one side in a most inconvenient manner; and it must surely hamper him in the good work which, with his recognized ability, he is endeavoring to do.

* * *

The following pupils of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp took part in a piano recital on Tuesday evening of last week: Misses Grace C. Gillies, Dorothy Goulding, Elsinore Burns, Gladys Marshall, Alda M. Collins, Constance Martin, A.T.C.M., Marion McGeachie, Helen Strong, F.T.C.M., Edith J. Mason. Mr. Tripp may be congratulated upon the success of his pupils, whose work amply demonstrated his right to be considered one of Canada's leading pianistic instructors. Special mention should be made of the Schytle "Ailegro Brioso," Schumann's "Papillons" and Liszt's "Hungarian Fantasia," played by Miss Martin, Miss Strong and Miss Mason respectively. The work of these young ladies was of a very high order of merit.

* * *

On Saturday evening last, vocal pupils of Miss Mary H. Smart gave a recital in the Conservatory of Music Hall. A very artistic programme of songs, chosen mainly from the modern school of composition, was very acceptably interpreted by the following young ladies: Misses Lily Adamson, Lillian Taylor, Leslie Horner, Vera Gillespie, Elsie Burkholder, Beatrice Telfer, Effie Welch, Georgie Ross Margaret Alexander, Irene Gillis, and Masie French.

* * *

On Monday evening a large and enthusiastic meeting of the Schubert Choir was held in Guild Hall, when it was unanimously decided to increase the membership to 250 voices for the production of the two larger works, "The Passion," Bach; and "Zadock the Priest," Beethoven; as well as the *a capella* works of a celebrated German composer for which Mr. Fletcher has secured the English copyright. The celebrated Pittsburgh Orchestra at its full strength with Emil Paur, conductor, and a noted soprano have been engaged for both concerts of the society to be held in Massey Hall on Feb. 21 and 22. All experienced singers between the ages of 20 and 45 may make application by postcard, and arrange for voice test, to Mr. H. M. Fletcher, the conductor, 18 St. Mary St., up to June 1st.

* * *

The following is the programme given at the pupils' weekly recital in the Conservatory Music Hall, Saturday afternoon, May 1: Lichner, "The Return March," Miss Edith Slaght; Duvernoy, "Bluette Valse," Miss Marjory Reeve; Brown, "On Loch Lomond," Miss Gladys Churchill; Lichner, "Tulip," Master Haughton Coghlan; Krogmann, "Court Jester," Miss Dorothy Black; Haydn, "Gipsy Rondo," Miss Gladys Lye; Godard, "Valse, B flat," Miss Gladys Shepherd; Bohm, "The Fountain," Miss Constance Wilson; Spindler, "The Chase," Master Dick Allen; Blumenthal, "Sunshine and Rain," Miss Rena Russell; Diabelli, "Sonatina, Op. 151, No. 2," Miss Jean Butchart; (a) Hardy, "To Daffodils," (b) Lachmann, "Mignonne," Mr. George Tomlin. The following teachers were represented: Miss Alice M. Boehm, Miss Gwendolyn Daville, Miss Eva I. Hughes, Miss Marie Hemnessey, Miss Lily Lawson, Miss Daisy Mitchell, Miss Jessie M. Allen, Miss Jean E. Williams, Miss R. E. A. Wilson, Miss Lexie F. Davis.

* * *

Miss Helen Strong, F.T.C.M., pupil of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, will make her professional debut as a pianist on May 14 next in the Conservatory Music Hall. Miss Strong has prepared a programme of much interest and merit, which will include three movements from the Schuett Trio, in which Mr. Blachford and Dr. Nicolai will assist, and two movements from the G minor Concerto of Mendelssohn, with Mr. Tripp in orchestral accompaniment at the second piano. The assisting vocalist will be Mr. Marley Sherris.

* * *

The Conservatory School of Expression has issued invitations for a miscellaneous recital by Mrs. Ethel Reese Burns, a graduating student, on Wednesday, May 12th, in the Conservatory Music Hall.

* * *

On Thursday, April 29, Mr. L. J. R. Richardson, manager of the Union Bank of Canada in Smith's Falls, formerly of Toronto, with a choir of about fifty voices gave a concert which is said by music lovers to have been one of the finest productions ever attempted in Eastern Ontario. The concert was given in the Methodist church, the largest auditorium in the town, and the building was crowded. The main programme was composed of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," while the second part consisted of such numbers as "The Lost Chord," the "Hallelujah Chorus," from the "Messiah," and unaccompanied part songs. Mr. Richardson was ably assisted by Mr. Arthur Hazel, organist of St. Paul's church, and by Miss Mabel Sweeney (1st soprano), Mrs. P. C. McLaurin (2nd soprano), Mrs. Geo. G. Graham (alto), Mr. W. H. Kerfoot (tenor) and H. A. Lavell, B.A., (bass) as soloists. Smith's Falls is justly proud of such a musical combination, as every member of the choir is a resident of the town; and more particularly of the presence of a conductor of such marked ability. The mayor of Perth, who with a party of musical friends attended the concert, has, on behalf of the music loving public of Perth, extended to Mr. Richardson a very flattering invitation to repeat the concert in that town.

* * *

Mr. L. E. Morel, the genial representative in Toronto of Casavant freres, organ builders, of St. Hyacinthe, Que., has recently invented a mechanical device for the pipe organ, which opens up a new field of possibilities for both the composer and the performer. It may be described as a sostenuto coupler, which when switched on, will sustain any note or chord desired on one manual, while the player performs with both hands on any of the other keyboards. Mr. Morel expects further to improve his invention so that one will be able to play upon the same bank that is sustaining the tone. The mechanism has been installed in the New St. Andrew's Church organ, where it acts upon the choir alone or combined with the swell. The organist may play any legato passage in the ordinary manner, provided the tempo is not too rapid, and upon removing his hands at the conclusion of the phrase the last note or notes will remain sounding as long as is desired. These sounds can be immediately released by pressure upon a new note or chord which in turn sustains at the performer's pleasure.

* * *

Mr. Carl H. Hunter, the well-known Canadian tenor, is giving an evening of German song at the Conservatory of Music on Saturday evening, May 8. Mr. Hunter will present an excellent programme, consisting of songs by Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms. Mr. Hunter has also secured the services of Mr. John Linden, the noted Scotch 'cellist. With this combination of artists the recital promises to be one of the best of the season.

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The Jaeger System provides absolutely pure undyed woolen underwear of gauze texture and the smartest and most up-to-date styles in shirtings for men, who value health and comfort during business hours in the hot weather.

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At Sunnyside are again the attraction to those who want nice, restful, healthful surroundings, while partaking of Dinners or Lunches, including our famous Fish Meals also the prettiest Ballroom in the city.

P. V. MEYER, Proprietress
TEL. P. 905

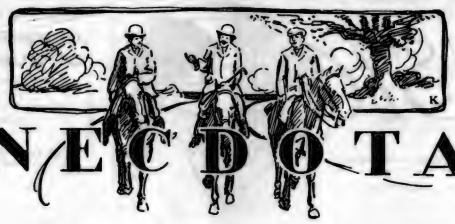
The Maple Sap is Running—

and we are now getting supplies from the Eastern Townships as well as the "Doolands" Syrup made within 7 miles of Toronto City Hall.

Purity is the keynote, we do not accept a bottle or a tin of Maple Syrup that we cannot offer with a guarantee of its purity.

Michie & Co., Ltd.

Grocers, etc.
7 KING ST. WEST



ANECDOTAL

A CLUB man, who was detained at the house for a part of the day, handed his wife, who was going down-town, a quarter of a dollar and requested her to get him three cigars for it.

When she returned she handed him the package, remarking, exultantly:

"That shows that women can beat men all hollow when it comes to making purchases. I found a place where I could get eight for a quarter instead of three. Isn't that going some?"

And the poor man, as he took his medicine, merely remarked:

"It certainly is, dear."

* * *

HARDLY had the proud father entered the sick room to get his first glimpse of the new twins, than both newborns set up a loud bawling.

"Now, now," cautioned the father, holding up his hand and glancing from one red face to the other, "one at a time; one at a time!"

* * *

Bootmaker (to Arctic explorer just returned)—How did you like those boots I made you, sir?

Arctic Explorer—Excellent! Best I ever tasted—The Tatler.

* * *

THE late Mr. N. J. Bradlee was summoned to appear as an expert on real estate in Boston some years ago, in a law-suit over the value of certain property. The lawyer on the other side, not knowing Mr. Bradlee, undertook to counteract his testimony. In the cross-examination the questions and answers were somewhat as follows:

"What did you say your business was, Mr. Bradlee?" began the lawyer.

"W-ll, I have charge of a good many trusts, mostly real estate," said Mr. Bradlee.

"How much real estate have you ever had charge of at one time?"

"Well, I don't think I can say, exactly."

"But how much should you guess?"

"I couldn't even guess."

"Well, sir, would you say it was five thousand dollars' worth?"

"I should put it as high as that, certainly."

"Would you put it as high as ten thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"Fifteen thousand?"

"Yes."

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"Yes."

"Fifty thousand?"

"Yes."

"A hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"Five hundred thousand?"

"Yes."

"A million?"

"Yes."

"Well, how many millions?" roared the astonished lawyer, who only now began to discover that he had caught a Tartar.

"Well," said Mr. Bradlee, very coolly, "I told you at the start I couldn't say, but since you insist on it, I will roughly estimate it at, say, a hundred millions."

"You may stand down," said the attorney, who was soon non-suited.

* * *

AS a gentleman was having his luncheon in the coffee room of a Birmingham hotel he was much annoyed by another visitor, who during the whole of the meal stood with his back to the fire warming himself and watching him partake of his repast. At length, unable to endure it any longer, he rang the bell and said:

"Waiter, kindly turn that gentleman round; I think he is done on that side."

TO justify his repeated use of the same witticism, as noted in three of his plays, J. M. Barrie says:

"We Scots abhor waste. Did you never hear of the aged Saunders Carlyle, who always drank off his whisky to the last drop the instant it was poured out for him?

"'Why do you drink down your liquor in that quick, greedy way?' a stranger said to Saunders in a reproachful tone.

"'I once had one knocked over,' the old man explained."

* * *

A COLLEGE graduate once applied for work in a lumber-camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross-saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Sonny," he said, not unkindly, "I don't mind yer ridin' on this saw, but if it's just the same to you I wish you'd keep yer feet off the ground."

* * *

THE story is told that an English commercial traveller once made a trip to Scotland and in Aberdeen was asked by a prospective buyer to subscribe to the prize fund for the local golf tournament. He parted with five shillings, and as he was interested in golf he remarked that he would like to be kept informed of the progress of the tournament so that he could look out for the result.

"O," said the customer, as he picked up the five shillings and placed it securely in his pocket, "ye needna dae that. The tournament was held last Saturday."

This was rather a staggerer for the latest contributor to the prize fund, but he retained curiosity enough to inquire who had proved the happy winner. The guileless solicitor for subscriptions was quite undaunted, however.

"The winner?" he said, coyly, "O, just mesel'."

* * *

A RURAL editor once got a big advertisement from a place which sold nothing but oysters. The place had just opened, and while the proprietor was willing to advertise he didn't have the cash to spend; so the newspaper man took a card which entitled him to $10 worth of oysters.

"A few days later a tramp printer strolled into The Gazette office and wanted a job," relates the editor. "I had nothing to offer him, but told the man he might sleep back in the composing-room, and as he had no money to buy food, I gave him the meal ticket on the oyster parlor. I didn't hear from him again for more than a week. One day he came into the office looking a bit drawn and worn.

"'I don't want to seem dissatisfied with what you've done for me, Mr. Carter,' said he, 'and I'm willing to admit that the luscious bivalve is a wonderfully fine bit of food; but for heaven's sake, can't you get an ad. from a ham and egg emporium?'"

* * *

CREDIT—WHERE CREDIT IS DUE.

The Collector (endeavoring to raise funds for a widow and orphans)—"Now, Mr. Flanaghan, can I put you down for a small subscription?"

Flanaghan (a very hard case)—"Shure, it's a very laudable objict, and ye can put me down for three-and-sixpence, and the Lord knows I'd give ye the money if I had it."—The Sketch.

A RATHER acrimonious argument was in progress in a club room, and a member noted for his suavity, arriving on the scene, sought to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"Politeness," said he, "always pays."

His flushed listeners looked up at him in inquiry, and he smiled and repeated, "Politeness always pays. Two little girls I knew were seated before a plate containing two bunches of grapes—one a very large and tempting and perfect bunch, and the other small and hard and green. The two little girls looked at the two bunches for a space of silence. Then the polite child said:

"'Is oo gweedy?'

"'No,' the other answered; 'I's not a bit gweedy.'

"'Then,' said the first, 'oo choose.'"

* * *

THEY were playing a game in which some one gives out the initial of some object in the room and the rest of them try to guess the object. So they tried to get the host's gray-haired father into it. But he held off.

"Sure," said he, "I'm a little bad in me spelling. I'd make no hand at such a game."

"Oh, come on," they pleaded; "you pick out some object, tell us the letter it begins with and we'll guess it."

So the old man, cajoled, finally yielded.

"Well," said he, "then I will. The letter is 'F.'"

They tried and tried to guess what he meant. Knowing his weakness in spelling, his son picked "phonograph," thinking the old gentleman might imagine it began with an "F"; but he was wrong. Finally they all had to give it up, and appealed to him to tell the article. He looked wise and said:

"Well, since you all give up what the thing is that begins with an 'F,' I'll tell yez. It's the fwhat-not."

* * *

TRAGEDIES innumerable culminate in the emergency hospital.

"What has happened to me?" asked the patient when he had recovered from the effects of the ether. "You were in a trolley car accident," said the nurse, "and it has been found necessary to amputate your right hand."

He sank back on the pillow, sobbing aloud.

"Cheer up," said the nurse, patting him on the head, "you'll soon learn to get along all right with your left hand."

"Oh, it wasn't the loss of the hand itself that I was thinking of," sighed the victim. "But on the forefinger was a string that my wife tied around it to remind me to get something for her this mornin, and now I'll never be able to remember what it was."

* * *

WHEN about to leave home one day a certain elderly clergyman, a bachelor, who was especially fond of his bath, gave strict orders to the housemaid about his "bawth-tub," and told her not to allow any one to use it.

However, the temptation grew on the poor housemaid and she took a plunge.

Upon returning unexpectedly, the clergyman found traces of the recent stolen bath, and questioned the maid so closely that she had to confess she was the guilty one, and was very sorry.

"I hope you do not think it is a sin, sir?" asked Jane, in tears.

Eyeing her sternly, he said, "Jane, your using my tub is not a sin, but what distresses me most is that you would do anything behind my back that you would not do before my face."

* * *

THE brother of a scientist went to a bookshop to buy a present. He told the clerk that he wanted some kind of a volume dealing with natural history to give to his brother, a zoologist. Could he recommend one? The clerk glanced over the shelves with a knowing air. At last he pulled down a book.

"This would interest him," he remarked. "It is by one of our best authors."

"Let me see it," said the purchaser.

The clerk handed it to him. On the back, in large letters, was the word "Anthology."

"All about ants," commented the clerk.

The flavor lingers.
The aroma lingers.
The pleasure lingers.
And you will linger over your cup of CHASE & SANBORN'S SEAL BRAND COFFEE.

In 1 and 2 pound tin cans. Never in bulk.

Old Furniture, Rare China, and Antiques in General

These are features that add to the attractiveness of the home. In purchasing such goods it is important to deal with a reputable firm. JENKINS ANTIQUES are authentic, and their intrinsic worth is apparent to the connoisseur.

B. M. & T. Jenkins

Antique Gallery

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O'K

Extra Mild, Remember

Many people would drink ale, in preference to all other malt beverages, if ale did not make them bilious.

This O'K brew is brewed especially for those people. It is extra mild and extra light, and lets you enjoy the creamy deliciousness of real old English ale without the heaviness and excessive bitterness.

O'Keefe's Special Extra Mild **ALE**

"The Beer that is always O.K."

30

FOR formal—and all other occasions—the glove that is correct in style should be chosen.

FOWNES GLOVES

are ALWAYS correct, and are well made besides.

There is no substitute for Fownes Gloves, any more than there is a substitute for good manners or good taste.

Never sold under any other name than Fownes.

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AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

Crystal Diamonds

For The Tea Table

My lady wears her diamonds, to beautify her hands.

My lady wears her diamonds, in rings and gorgeous strands,

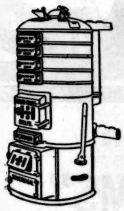
My lady now has "Diamonds," of sparkling purity,

These brilliant "Crystal Diamonds," for coffee and for tea.

"CRYSTAL DIAMONDS" are the finest table sugar ever produced and are the result of 30 years experience in sugar refining. In attractive 5 pound cartoons and also by the pound.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company, Limited MONTREAL.

It pays to live in comfort. A comfortable home increases one's earning capacity and invigorates the faculties. But it is in the scope of a poor furnace to make a house thoroughly comfortless.



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Hot Water and Low Pressure Steam Boilers

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TORONTO DEPOT: 1088 King St. West.

Ice Shortage

Ice Supply is Small This Year —but not with us. ORDER NOW and be Sure to Get

BELLE EWART

(LAKE SIMCOE)

CURRENT RATES

Guaranteed for Entire Season if Ordered Now.

Belle Ewart Ice Co., 37 Yonge St. Phones M. 14, M. 1947, M. 2683

Lady Gay's Column

THE modern householder is accustomed to being confronted by a determined looking woman or a seedy looking man, who carries a fountain pen and a wad of paper, and proffers a request that you will "please sign here." If you, being busy, careless and good natured, do sign, you haven't the least notion what you've encouraged and endorsed, all you know being the fact that certain familiar and prominent names preceded your own, and so it must be all right. It may be a prayer for the release of a convict, whom you are sure deserved the full term meted out to him, and in whom you take not the slightest interest; it may be for a sidewalk round a goose pasture in Slabtown; it may be for a berth for some helpless, lazy, or otherwise incapable loafer; it may be to keep a Chinese laundry off a street in which you own a shack you want to rent to anyone, white, yellow or brown. Nine times out of ten, the busy man signs a petition as I once did one for a viaduct, because some one asks him, and because others have done so already. I heard an exceedingly comical proof of the truth of this, which happened in a busy city in New York State some years ago. An exasperated man, who had been the victim of a petition gotten up by some busy bodies, was rating a man who had thoughtlessly signed it. "You'd sign any petition; anyone would, without taking the pains to glance over it," said the man who was sore about the question. "I'll guarantee to get up the most absurd petition you can frame, and get hundreds of business men to sign it, just to convince you." So, they got up a petition reciting the many virtues of their pastor, a godly old man, whom everyone esteemed, and going on to state that they were all sure he deserved a good place in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and so, for fear he might or should backslide and lose it, in the short time he had to live, they petitioned that he might be publicly executed on a certain date close at hand, and so make his future secure. This monstrous request was endorsed by many prominent citizens, who were hustled into signing it by the aggrieved man aforesaid on the plea that he had to get his petition before the city council before twelve o'clock noon, and it still is on record in that city, as a proof of what I said in beginning this paragraph, that the general public signs petitions without rhyme or reason, if two or three prominent names can be had to head the list.

From time to time I receive letters from girls who are anxious to spend some time in Paris, asking for addresses of safe and quiet pensions where they might live alone, and also for the address of a chaperone to whom they might apply in case of need. I have just heard of a young French lady in Paris who has taken an up-to-date flat and will receive a few girls past the school-girl age, take them about and travel with them, if they so desire, and see that they acquire the language of her country, or of three or four other countries, through which they may decide to travel with her. The full particulars, and the guarantee of a prominent and esteemed Toronto leader in society will be found somewhere in the advertising columns of this issue, and my correspondents should cut out the address of "Mademoiselle Sassissou," and refer to her in their hour of need. Personally, I have never had experience in pensions either in France or Germany, having always stayed at good hotels, or spent my sojourn with friends, *en famille*.

There are some of us to whom a recent election campaign episode in little old Newfoundland appeals with particular humor. Away up Conception Bay there is a sturdy little batch of voters who believe everything they hear when it's bad and about anyone they don't like. (On second thoughts that credulity isn't confined to the east shore of Newfoundland!) The recent Premier isn't one of their pets, and when one day last week he arrived at the landing of their particular settlement, he was told in Newfoundland fashion, straight from the shoulder, to return whence he came, for they wouldn't listen to him. But Sir Robert Bond, he of the nicely-waved locks and exclusive manners and tastes, who is spoken of with awe by the simple ones who are not "agin the government," who lives to himself in his suite in a tree-embowered pension and is a "real fine gentleman," as one of my *quidi vidi* friends said, this old world ruler lightly gauged the determination and spirit of the man of the green water, and landed or essayed to land on their sea-girt shore. And what happened next will be told later on this summer, as we sit and yarn and gossip on the tubs in the little garden, or on the high leads of the cliff above, and the telling will be "lovely, yes, boy, and grand, and a beautiful tale," or I miss my guess! When they fished Sir Robert out, he did not wait to get dry, nor did he deliver his speech to the men of the green water. By the time you read this, he and Sir Edward Morris, ruddy and jovial Sir Edward, whom some of us know, will have locked horns, those horns on which they have sat so long, in the dilemma of even might, and one or other will be Premier of Newfoundland. And if I have any luck at all this mid-summer, I'll be hearing all about the election, and may pass some tit-bits out to my Toronto readers.

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

HER Excellency Lady Grey and Lady Sybil Grey, immediately on their return from Montreal early in the week, left for a visit to New York and Washington, and are at present the guests of ex-Ambassador Choate in the last named city. They will return to the Capital about the middle of this week. The State Ball at Government House, which usually takes place each year during the month of May, has this year been fixed for the 14th, and as these brilliant functions always bring a large number of visitors to town, doubtless this one will not prove an exception.

As the season draws near to its close, society gatherings are gradually becoming fewer and of smaller proportions. Last week, however, began with quite a large dance which proved to be one of the jolliest of the season, given at the Golf Club by Lady Fitzpatrick on Monday evening for her youngest daughter, Miss Margaret Fitzpatrick, who has this year been enjoying her "first season." All arrangements were, as usual at this attractive rendezvous, perfectly carried out, and myriads of red and white flowers were utilized in beautifying both the ballroom and reception room, in the latter of which blazing log fires in the large hearths added to the general cheery effect. Sir Charles and Lady Fitzpatrick greeted the guests, the hostess wearing a very handsome gown of black sequinned net over black satin. Miss Fitzpatrick wore a costume of pale yellow satin fashioned in tunic effect, which suited her admirably, and Miss Margaret's gown was of silver spangled net over cream satin with trimmings of rich lace. In the dining-room, where supper was served at midnight, small tables accommodating parties of four or six, were arranged about the room and these were prettily decorated with vases of pink carnations. This was essentially a dance for young people, and all those who usually congregate on similar festive occasions made a point of taking in this particularly bright event, special trams carrying them to and from the Golf Club.

A number of large and well-arranged luncheons were among the principal social offerings of the week. One given by Mrs. (Col.) Irwin was in special honor of Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber's guest, Mrs. David Pottinger, of Moncton, N.B., at which others present were Lady Borden, Mrs. W. S. Fielding, Mrs. Frank Oliver, Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. J. A. Clayton, Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Tolmie, Mrs. J. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. A. D. Cartwright, Mrs. W. E. Hodgins, and Mrs. James W. Woods.

Lady Hanbury Williams, who has been in England for the past couple of months, returned to town on Saturday evening, having crossed in the Empress of Ireland. Mrs. Thomas Ahearn, Miss Lilias Ahearn and Miss Rose Fleck, who have been wintering in California, are now in British Columbia en route to the Capital, where they will arrive during the present week. Another Ottawan who will also return this week after a very pleasant winter in California with her grandmother, Mrs. Pattee, is Miss Gladys Carling, who is at present in Vancouver, B.C. Mrs. Alex Christie and the Misses Fay and Katie Christie, who have spent the winter abroad, are now in Winnipeg with Mrs. Christie's nieces, the Misses Aldous, and will return to town about the middle of May, accompanied by Miss Morna Bate, who has been for the greater part of the winter with the Misses Aldous.

THE CHAPERONE,

Ottawa, May 3, 1909.

Murray's Summer Millinery Opening

We now have ready for your inspection the latest correct models for summer wear—Paris, London and New York are well represented.

We would suggest this as the opportunity to procure the "Exclusive Hat" for the Races and other social events on the calendar.

We have tried, and we think succeeded, to avoid the very extreme, and of all the delightful surprises awaiting you, the reasonable prices of "Murray's" Summer Hats will be the greatest.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

BY APPOINTMENT

The Radnor Water Co.

Announces that it has been Appointed Purveyor of MINERAL WATER to

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

TEACHER'S

The highest virtue that can be claimed for a beverage is PURITY.

Of Scotch Whisky Brands there are few that can, with so much justification, claim absolute purity as can TEACHER'S. Matured in wood, and mellowed by age.

Geo. J. Foy, Limited, Toronto, Can.
Ottawa Wine Vault Co., Ottawa, Can.

AND RETAILED IN TORONTO BY

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Distinctive Ladies' Tailoring

Suits and Gowns for the Races

The "Swift" label in a Suit or Gown is a guarantee of the highest possible developments in the Tailoring Art.

"Individuality and exclusiveness" characterize our garments throughout.

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We have just received a special import of Choicest Mohairs, Silks, Linens, etc., for Three-Piece Suits and Fancy Gowns.

"No Two Garments Built Alike."
"One Suit or Gown Length to Each Design."

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PIANOS FROM $40 UPWARDS — ORGANS FROM $15 UPWARDS

Easy Terms of Payment. Call or Write for List

ECONOMY IN GAS and How to Ensure It

WHEN your gas bill looks heavy to you, that's when you begin to investigate. How can I cut it down? Perhaps the fault rests with your Kitchen Gas Range. If you live in a locality of the city where the pressure is high, your range will consume more gas unless it is a

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The Gas Range with a patented arrangement to regulate the flow whether high or low pressure exists. That's why you can economize with the Detroit Jewel.

We want to demonstrate to you the many superior features the Detroit Jewel possesses over any other make. Call and see the stock now on exhibit at our store. Prices range from $10 to $125.

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it's well to know who the caller is. The porch can be flooded with electric light by pressing a button inside the house.

Beggars and thieves are well aware of this and shun the porch lighted homes.

Porch lights, front and rear, can be maintained at a trifling expense for electricity.

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IT HAS NO EQUAL For KEEPING THE SKIN Soft, Smooth and White at All Seasons

"The Queen of Toilet Preparations"

BEETHAM'S Larola

SOOTHING AND REFRESHING
Bottles, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England)
Sole Makers
M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, England

It Entirely Removes and Prevents ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, IRRITATION, ETC.
It is unequalled as a SKIN TONIC as well as an EMOLLIENT

BOOKS

THE poems of James Whitcomb Riley are favorites with composers of songs, and hundreds of musical settings have been provided for them. The one which has been most frequently set to music is probably "A Life Lesson" (better known as "There, Little Girl, Don't Cry"). Among the composers who have tried their skill upon it are H. A. Norris, P. A. Schnecker, H. B. Vincent, C. Forsyth, C. Sobeski, Mary K. Wood and J. Jordan.

* * *

There has been some recent controversy as to the exact location in Boston of the birthplace of Edgar Allan Poe. In his new "Life of Poe," Professor George E. Woodberry gives what are probably the only authentic facts in the case as follows: "The house in which he was born was probably at 33 Hollis street, the street address of his father on the Boston Tax Records for 1808, where the entry reads: '33 Poe, David 1 (poll tax), actor, Hollis.' The house was valued at $800 and was owned by Henry Haviland; David Poe was rated as having $600 personal estate."

* * *

"The Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley," collected and edited by Roger Ingpen, are expected from the Scribners. The collection embraces about 450 letters, many of which have never appeared in print, while others have only been printed privately. The two volumes will contain forty-two illustrations.

* * *

The Ball Publishing Company, Boston, have published a reprint of Arthur Brisbane's interview with Mary Baker G. Eddy.

* * *

The Bookman makes a practice of publishing a monthly list of the best selling books on the market. The leaders have almost invariably novels. This month The Bookman has, by the same system of investigation, listed the most popular of the more serious books. Of the seven leaders, two deal with Lincoln, as was to be expected in the year of his centenary, two with the effect of the mind upon health, two with travel, and one is a biography of a Boston philanthropist. One of the books of travel is Dr. Van Dyke's "Out of Doors in Holy Land," the other "Alaska, the Great Country," by Ella Higginson.

* * *

A writer in The Publisher's Weekly has this to say concerning the spring outlook in the book trade:

"The public demand fiction; fiction must be furnished and the public—restless, volatile, morbidly curious—allows authors very often to furnish them with a commodity of which the producer, the middle man and the consumer should be alike ashamed. Fiction always reflects the life, customs and habits of its day. The times are sybaritic, materialism is in the ascendant, women are leading wholly unnatural lives and accept wholly false views offered them on subjects they cannot judge from the touchstone of experience. Women writers are responsible for many novels that claiming to offer real pictures are merely vulgar and wholly without perspective or artistic balance. But this is also improving. The announcements this season show fewer of the peculiar 'problem novels.'"

* * *

Mr. R. C. Carton, the English dramatist, tells a good story of Bret Harte, with whom he was on terms of quite close friendship. One day he asked the author of "The Heathen Chinee" if his Californian characters were not rather overdrawn. Harte assured him that, on the contrary, they were toned down, and told a story of a Californian desperado who came across an English "tenderfoot" in a saloon bar. "Have a drink?" asked the Westerner, but the Englishman, who did not know that it is considered a deadly insult to refuse a drink from one of these gentry, declined with thanks. Whereupon, the rough reached for his revolver in a tired sort of way. "Can't I even hev a drink without killin' a man?" he said. HAL.

The Misses Sternberg are holding the annual closing of their dancing and physical culture classes at Association Hall on May 17 at 8.15 p.m. The entertainment is in aid of the Muskoka and Toronto Free Hospitals for Consumptives. At time of writing the list of patronesses has not been completed, but will be in print in next week's paper. A very attractive programme has been arranged, including Spanish dance, minuet and group of country dances, consisting of Maypole dance, hornpipes, etc., in costume. A butterfly dance by the wee tots will also be appreciated. During the evening musical and vocal selections will be given. The popularity of these well known teachers, combined with the excellence of the object of the entertainment, should tax the seating capacity of the hall.

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Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

CHARLES—On May 4, 1909, at "The Coronado," Winchester St., Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Charles, a daughter.

ROBINETTE—On May 4, 1909, at 18 Spadina road, to Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Robinette, a daughter.

MARRIED.

ACHESON—CAESAR—At 34 Grosvenor street, on Wednesday, April 21, by the Rev. A. G. Hamilton Dicker, Mr. Robert John Acheson, of Goderich, to Janie Elvira, only daughter of Dr. G. S. Caesar.

HEAD-LEWIS—At Toronto, on Wednesday, April 28, 1909, Jessie George to Harry Scott Head, of New York.

HARRIMAN—McCLELLUCHY—On Wednesday, April 28, 1909, John J. Harriman to Ethel F. McCleuchy.

DEATHS.

WALKER—At 266 Rusholme road, on Monday, May 3, 1909, Nellie Araminta, beloved wife of Alfred Paverley Walker, and daughter of the late Joseph Snyder, of Beamsville, Ont.

BAIRD—On May 3, 1909, at the residence of his parents, 352 Rusholme road, Garnet Joseph Baird, in his twenty-sixth year.

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The Friendship of Women.

THE majority of men are ignorant of the friendship of women, and when they are in trouble, when they have got tangled up in a skein of their own winding, when they face the problems of life doubtfully, they do not turn to women for guidance, but have a quiet talk with a man friend in whose honor and good sense and amiability they have some confidence (writes Mr. Philip Gibbs, in The Western Mail).

It is the safer way. They do not risk the many dangers that lurk in the sweetness of women's friendship. But, on the other hand, they miss the sweetness. They do not enjoy or understand the mysterious strength, the subtle consolation, and the spiritual sanctuary that a man may gain from a woman who gives him her friendship.

I remember a passage in one of John Morley's books—though I cannot quote it—in which, referring to the intimate friendship between Jean Jacques Rousseau and Madame de Warens, he becomes eloquent upon this very subject, pointing out that all great men of imagination have found it necessary to their very life and genius to possess the comradeship of women. And if we think for a moment of the lives of great men, especially of men of letters and art, we remember that all of them, or nearly all, were safeguarded from the brutal blows of life, and were shielded from the pinpricks of fate, from which they shrank so sensitively, by women, who, with a kind of maternal instinct, took charge of them for a time.

There are men not great, but sensitive, and gifted with some imagination, who find this same necessity. They are not men's men. They do not care for the genial camaraderie of the club-room. They do not care to blurt out some secret of their heart to a good fellow who will understand half, but not all, or who, perhaps, will understand nothing unless it is plainly told. They go, rather, to some woman when she is alone, before her little tea-table in a quiet drawing-room, or in the evening when the lamps are lit and the curtains are drawn. It is then that the man speaks a sentence or two of self-revelation, knowing that he will be understood.

Yet the spirit of women's friendship is not always so gentle and comforting. On the contrary, some of the best friendships between men and women have been due to the scorn, the satire, the anger, of what is called the weaker sex. Many a man, by nature indolent and lazy, has been goaded on to brilliant achievements by a woman who has deliberately stung him with her wit, who has flashed out in indignant anger that he should idle away his time while his talents rust, who has taunted him with the word "ne'er-do-well," with the hard word of "coward," when he has been tempted to shrug his shoulders and laugh at honor.

For women in their friendship may be very cruel to be kind, and will dare to say things to a man which not even his mother, still less his father, or his men friends, would find the courage to say.

The Mother to Her Son.

THY soul is like a little bird
Beneath thy mother's hand my boy.
The song God taught thee must be heard—
Thou hast a right to free, wild joy;
Yet must she quaver as she dreams
Of thy dark flight o'er gorges dark.
'Tis there the rock the ocean creams;
Those gone before are stiff and stark.

And thy strong wings shall climb the wind,
Thy voice ring out in freedom's cry;
The loving hand that now doth blind
Thine eyes must lift and let thee fly.
But oh, how sweet the warm bird thrills
As tenderly the palm is pressed,
And oh, how hard as o'er the hills
A cold wind comes to free that breast—

That little, breathing, tender breast,
Beneath the mother's loving hand;
Yet must she heed the swelling crest;
Her shadow shall not hide the land.
Her fingers strain beneath those wings
That beat so lusty to be free;
Her hand is empty when he sings
A distant speck across the sea.

Ah, bird, be pitiful and pause
Ere quite into God's man you grow.
Fly low, fly low, just once, because
Her hands are empty as you go.

Caroline Wood Morrison, in Lippincott's.

JAMES K. HACKETT, the actor, is always ready to assert that there are many untoward possibilities in his profession. "Really, the public doesn't appreciate the vicissitudes of an actor's life," he said, recently. "Now, there was Wisham Brown, who went touring in South Africa. I met Wisham's cousin recently. 'Well, how is Wish,' said I. 'Wish?' said the cousin. 'Why, man, Wisham's dead!' 'Dead?' I cried. 'How did he die?' 'Pelted to death with eggs at Capetown,' the cousin answered. 'But eggs don't kill,' said I. He smiled sadly, and murmured, 'Ostrich eggs do.'"

At Forty Six

At forty-six your stomach begins to "talk back" to you—sometimes before you are forty-six—sometimes later. It will not always stand bad treatment without vigorous protest. If you are wise you will heed its warning before it is too late.

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the steam-cooked wheat, drawn into filmy, porous shreds and twice baked in the cleanest, finest bakery in the world—a food for children and grown-ups, for invalids and athletes, for the toiler with hand or brain. Better than mushy porridges—crisp, nourishing, easily digested.

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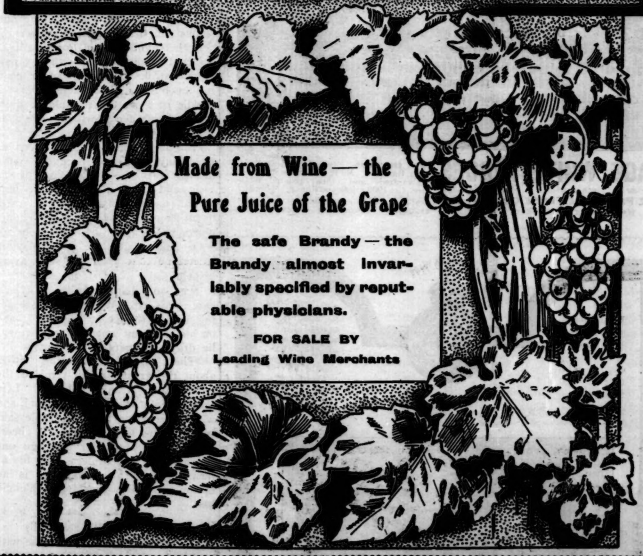

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Space forbids a description of the range, but we cannot resist the mere mention of the exceptional beauty of the line in Pongee Silk, shown in natural color, and in various shades of blue and rose.

Amongst the other materials are Satin Cloth, Soleil, Serge, Worsted, in both plain and novelty weaves.

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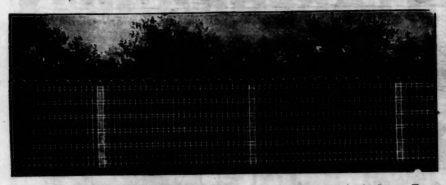

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Self-Control in Golf and Billiards.

TWO golfers who were watching a billiard match recently decided that the putting green develops a more serene and self-controlled manner than the green cloth does. The greatest billiard exponents usually maintain an impassive demeanor and a shut mouth, but some of those who are just a little lower down the ladder of fame have by no means so successfully schooled themselves to hide their real feelings.

"In addition to making personal observation," says a writer in Town and Country, "I have spoken to several journalists who do a good deal of billiard reporting, and from them I have learned that the average billiard professional is a confirmed grumbler. Over and over again in a big match when he has made a bad stroke or had poor luck in obtaining position he will come to the press table while his opponent is in play and will inveigh against the state of the board and the balls and 'grouse' about the extraordinarily good fortune enjoyed by the other fellow and the correspondingly undeserved reverses which he has experienced himself.

"If this is a true picture then decidedly the professional golfer has the best of it at keeping his feelings under lock and key. Both billiards and golf are games which demand the utmost control of nerve force and nicety of execution, and one would have thought that there would have been a similar assumption of stolidity about the exponents of eitner game

"In justice to the billiard players it should be said that compelled as they often are to sit quiet for long periods of time while their opponents are stringing together big breaks the strain imposed upon them is much greater than is the case with great golfers, who seldom have to wait more than a minute or two before being permitted to get in their next shot.

"Even allowing for this, one scarcely ever sees men like Braid, Vardon, Taylor, or any of the other leading golfers indicate by word or gesture that the adverse state of the game has ruffled their outward serenity. and certainly they do not emulate the billiard player's habit of excuse making and grumbling. I can think of only two or three prominent professional golfers who ever show the least sign of ill temper or dissatisfaction.

"Braid never grumbles unless maybe to his intimate friends, and beyond an occasional gentle urging on movement of his putter, when a long putt shows sluggish tendencies, never offers the slightest indication that he is satisfied or dissatisfied with any particular stroke. To a stranger coming upon Braid unexpectedly in the middle of a match it would be quite impossible to decide whether the open champion was 'up' or 'down.'

"Similarly Harry Vardon never betrays any trace of vexation more marked than a slow shaking of his head and a faint whimsical smile when (as happens rather too frequently nowadays) he misses a holeable putt. Taylor too, though he always looks aggressive when playing, wastes no time grumbling or waving his clubs.

"The sole barometer in Taylor's case is his cap. When things are going well with him it is pushed back on his head, but when fortune frowns he drags it down over his eyes.

"There is no grumbling either about the great French rival of the triumvirate Arnaud Massy. Life seems a joke with genial Arnaud, and whether winning or losing a pleasant smile always lingers about his cheerful face. A year or two ago one fancied that he had occasional fits of irritability, but nowadays he is an optimist, a philosopher and a splendid loser."

COUNT ZEPPELIN tells an amusing story of the ease with which the German Emperor is in the habit of breaking records. On one occasion he was out shooting with the Kaiser. At the end of the day it was announced that the Kaiser had broken all records. His deer were laid before him in a long line. The photographers began to get their cameras ready. His Majesty had shot, the head keeper said, sixty-four deer.

The Kaiser made no public contradiction, but as he took up his position behind his deer for the photographs. Count Zeppelin heard him murmur to the head keeper with a smile, "Sixty-four deer, eh? That's very odd. Indeed, it's almost inexplicable. I only fired, you know, thirty cartridges."

She—I heard you singing in your room this morning. He—Oh, I sing a little to kill time. She—You have a good weapon.—New Orleans Picayune.

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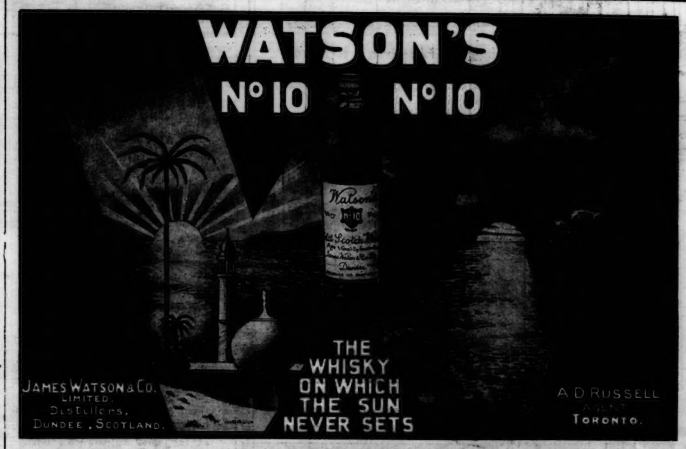

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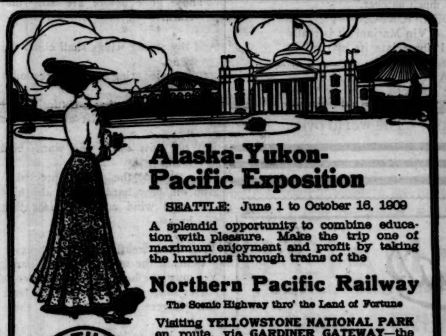

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